

Cut by the Mess

Arthur Keyser



CUT BY THE MESS

BY

ARTHUR KEYSER

AUTHOR OF

'AN EXILE'S ROMANCE' 'OUR CRUISE TO NEW GUINEA'

ETC.



A NEW EDITION

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1889

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A BALL AT MALTA	1
II. THE POLO GROUND AT NIGHT	7
III. CHILD'S PLAY	10
IV. A BAD HALF-HOUR.	16
V. A LETTER FROM HOME	19
VI. A WHITE FEATHER	23
VII. A GUN-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL	28
VIII. ALONE IN A CROWD	33
IX. THE HOUSE AT ROSE BAY	38
X. A FRIEND IN NEED	42
XI. A DANCE ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP	48
XII. THE ISLANDS	53
XIII. A BRUSH WITH THE NATIVES	57
XIV. A RASH ATTEMPT	62
XV. A NATIVE HIDING-PLACE	65
XVI. A DANCE OF VICTORY	69
XVII. A HEADLONG FLIGHT	74
XVIII. A PARTIAL ESCAPE	77
XIX. FORCED REFLECTIONS	82
XX. NORFOLK ISLAND	86
XXI. A RETURN TO LIFE	91
XXII. A CONFESSION OF LOVE	94
XXIII. RIVALS.	98
XXIV. JOHNNY'S PLUNGE	106
XXV. HOMEWARD BOUND	113
XXVI. 'LOST BY A SHOE'.	115
XXVII. 'GOOD-BYE!'	118

CUT BY THE MESS

CHAPTER I.

A BALL AT MALTA.

THE Governor of Malta had given a ball. It had been a big affair, and kept up with much spirit. As may be supposed, the army and navy were well represented; red coats and gold epaulettes were on every side. Miss Bidwell had been there. She was the prettiest girl now along the shores of the Mediterranean, and her whereabouts in a room could always be discovered by means of the little crowd of admirers which surrounded her. This young lady was very skilful in managing her adorers. She presented collisions and avoided complications with the most consummate tact and ability. It was as a game to her, a game of chess, this worship which was offered up by that devoted little crowd: she moved the pieces of which it was comprised as though they had been pawns, and prided herself upon the harmony she maintained among a collection of volcanic embers which might at any moment burst forth into active eruption. That this is no exaggerated simile will be understood when it is mentioned that the majority of these devoted admirers were very young men—mostly subalterns and midshipmen. Miss Bidwell was playing with fire, and it amused her. Not long ago a paper reported how two individuals had passed the afternoon upon a railroad, amusing themselves by seeing which could go nearest to the trains without accident. Towards evening, emboldened by familiarity

with danger, one of the two went so near that an engine caught him and crushed him to death. Danger is fascinating, and games wherein this element is absent are wont to be dull. Playing off the vanity of young men one against the other, for one's own delectation, being certainly dangerous, is therefore far from dull, and to watch Miss Bidwell as she stood there, her beautiful face all sparkling with animation, was sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the fact. But immunity from danger had made her bold, and, like the poor man on the railroad, she ventured a little too near. The fire with which it had been so agreeable to toy burst into a conflagration. How it came about cannot be described, these things happen so quickly. Even Miss Bidwell herself could scarcely have told you. She may not perhaps have been aware of anything unusual, but that would be tantamount to saying she was unobservant, and she was not that—she was, on the contrary, extremely wide-awake. Doubtless she noticed that something had happened, that the laughter was forced, and that a spirit had entered into that little gathering which had not before been there. No one said anything, of course—well-bred people do not brawl in public—but there was anger about, and Miss Bidwell was aware that she was the cause of it. This bored her. It had amused her to chat with these young men so long as they were all good temper and smiles, the chaff bright and everyone happy; but the moment the fun seemed to diminish, then it was time to be off. Miss Bidwell had come there to enjoy herself, and it was not in her nature to waste time. Perhaps you will consider she was a terrible flirt. She was. But what you may think of her is immaterial. She has nothing to do with our story; yet that is not strictly true, for had it not been for her there would have been no story to write. We can, none of us, be sure that people we meet are nothing to us. Some chance word or deed may influence our whole future, though the origin of that future we could little guess. Thus some remark about Miss Bidwell's fan, some smile from the beauty in question, some

childish chaff about faint heart and fair lady, some light banter about the sister services and the probability of a faint heart being found in one more than the other, and the spark was kindled which was destined to burst into flame. The beauty sailed away in the mazy dance, and four young men were left to continue the conversation as best they might. Their talk having taken an awkward turn, the originator had retreated ; the four who had been rendering her homage remained. Words are often spoken in the heat of excitement which would never otherwise be uttered ; and under the combined influences of flirtation and champagne, very young men of hot and ignitable passions, like the four who now met at the Governor's ball, are apt to make remarks without much reflection as to their possible or probable consequences. Two of the four were subalterns. The other two were midshipmen. They had never met before. These young fellows under almost any circumstance but one would have naturally fallen to friendship : that one circumstance, a pretty girl, had rendered them enemies. Tom Howard and Walter Jones were subalterns newly joined. They were proud of their new dignity of officer, and seemed to feel as though the weight of the honour of the whole British Army were on their shoulders, its good name in their keeping, and that it behoved them to be on the look-out for offence, and demonstrate their worthiness to the name of officer by a readiness to defend their service under any circumstance whatever. This self-consciousness is a thing which when too apparent is apt to amuse the watchful eyes of a naval officer of the same age ; for he has been an officer for years, has knocked about among men and been himself a man in a responsible position ever since the age of fourteen ; therefore he perhaps assumes an unintentional tone of superiority towards these 'grabbies,' as he calls them, who, just emancipated from school, are now suddenly elevated to full-blown officers, a dignity that in their new-flushed pride they cannot altogether keep in the background. This tone of superiority on the part of a midshipman, whether unconscious or intentional,

is a galling thing to which to submit, and a 'grabbie,' instead of submitting, is often tempted to say those words which will lead to an issue where that assumption of superiority can be conclusively proved. It was so now. It seems almost ridiculous to relate the conversation, it was so very childish, the repartee so weak, but thus too often quarrels are.

'What is faint-heartedness?' sneered Howard, addressing himself to Johnny West, as though that individual could be sure to tell.

'How the deuce do I know?' he blurted out; 'you're last from school, where it may exist, I dare say.'

'What do you mean?'

'What I mean,' said West with deliberation, 'is this, that boys fresh from school should not affect ignorance upon a subject they should be up in; and let me add,' he continued loftily, 'that the next time I am speaking to a lady I will thank you to be more civil, and not say anything which might be construed into an insult.'

'Insult! what do you mean?' replied Howard, flushing hotly; 'if I have insulted you I am perfectly ready to follow it up.'

'Can you fellows fight?' broke in Jones abruptly; 'school-boys can; can sailor-boys?'

'We'll try,' answered the other midshipman, who, till now, had held his peace; 'shall we go now?'

'We'll meet in an hour's time,' replied Howard, turning towards the speaker, and instinctively speaking in a more courteous tone, for there was something about this quiet lad which compelled respect. 'I shall have to arrange for a fellow to take my morning's duty in case of accidents; we'll be on the polo ground in about an hour's time, there's a capital moon; we will drive out as soon as we're ready.'

'We four and no one else?' asked West.

'Of course; *au revoir*,' and the party separated. The ball went on, the talk continued, and no one guessed the little tempest which had raged so close beside them.

Johnny West and Charlie Lathom were great allies.

They were midshipmen of H.M.S. 'Victoria,' who was on her way out as flagship on the Australian station. These young officers were both favourites, especially Johnny, for he was a light-hearted debonair lad, ready for anything, high-spirited, and full of fun. He was a little selfish, perhaps, but who is not so? and his bright eyes and jolly laugh were amply sufficient to atone for any such trifling defect, which was seldom brought into notice. Johnny was the life and soul of the gunroom, and was much looked up to by the junior members of his mess, who universally regarded him with fervent admiration. The senior officers, too, were disposed to make much of West, and there was seldom a party going on leave for a picnic or a shoot that, if it was his day off, this lucky midshipman was not asked to join. Moreover, he was very good-looking. Though beauty is of no account, it is, nevertheless, of considerable value in the procuring of the good things of this world, and whatever may be said to the contrary, a taking-looking fellow stands a better chance of having things made pleasant for him than does his more heavily handicapped companion. Thus Johnny West came in for a good share of the pleasures of this world; wherever he went he was welcome for his bright face and cheery laugh, and fair ladies would smile their sweetest when finding themselves an object of admiration to that handsome boy. Charlie Lathom was of another type. He was tall and rather grave—for his age he was extraordinarily quiet, and possessed of a dignity of manner which sat oddly upon such a juvenile form. He was not bad-looking, though neither was he handsome. His features were regular and his eyes good, but they lacked that 'fascinating' twinkle, as the ladies described the sparkle which shone in the orbs of Johnny their favourite. Yet they were clear and bright—a couple of eyes which looked as though they would lower their gaze to no one. But the feature of his face was the mouth; it betokened kindness and sympathy, and yet withal marked with lines of determination, which denoted a firmness of purpose as rare as it is enviable,

At a glance you could see that in Charlie Lathom there was promise of a man—a manly man—such a one as the English navy abounds with. And beneath this quiet rather shy exterior there evidently lay a character worthy of study; but people seldom stay to pursue such study, and, given two young men such as are here described, there is little doubt as to which would be selected to make much of and to flatter, the grave self-contained Charlie Lathom, or the jolly, laughing, handsome Johnny West, whose good qualities were so apparent to the eye. We all like things easy for us in this world, and few care to dig on the chance of solid gold when a glittering substance which may be gold lies ready for the grasp. However, the best point about Johnny West, at least the one which often brought him greatest approbation, was his blind devotion for his friend—devotion being an excellent quality if the object of it be worthy, for it proves that the person devoted has at least an appreciative mind; and it says much for Johnny that he could thoroughly realise and admire the sterling good virtues of his messmate and friend. True, they had known each other long, from boys; they knew each other ‘at home,’ and were in the same year on board of the ‘*Britannia*,’ and many times during that first entry into life Johnny had found it no slight advantage to possess a real true-hearted friend, such as Charlie had always proved himself to be. And Charlie was very fond of him, and in a way proud of him. When they were out together, and Johnny was as usual monopolising the general attention, laughing and talking as though he felt sure that people were glad—and they were glad—to listen to him, Charlie would look admiringly at him, as though it were only right and natural that he should be the one to shine, while he himself should take but a subordinate part in this social performance.

Such were the two midshipmen who were driving along the moonlit road at Malta towards the polo ground, leaving the heated ball-room for the sake of settling their differences with the young soldiers who had so insulted them. Of course the whole affair was most laughable.

No men would have so easily quarrelled, and had they done so, it is much to be doubted whether such a speedy way of settling their differences would have suggested itself; but remember, these young officers were not men, they were boys, hot-headed and impetuous, and who can say with any certainty what a boy will do?

CHAPTER II.

THE POLO GROUND AT NIGHT.

THE naval party were the first to arrive. Not a soul was in sight. Telling the gharry to wait some little distance off, they strolled round. It was not a cheerful scene. The polo ground looked very cold and bleak in the moonlight, and the first excitement of the quarrel having worn off, each of the two was probably asking himself why he was there at all. Under altered circumstances the same thing will wear a very different aspect, and thus that which had seemed a *casus belli* in the ball-room, under the combined influences of flirtation and champagne, dwindled to a very insignificant squabble now that beauty was absent, champagne had worn off, and the intending combatants were stalking round in the ghostly light, thirsting for the blood of their foes, or supposed to be thirsting, at least so far as one of the pair was concerned; for, judging from his present demeanour, Johnny scarcely gave one the idea of a relentless individual, intent only upon the vindication of his wrongs. All the brightness seemed to have left his usually happy face, his habitual smile had vanished altogether, and that merry twinkle, suggestive of fun, was totally extinguished by the lugubrious aspect of the scene. Charlie looked much as usual, though graver than ever perhaps, and whatever he felt, there was no indication upon his face, as Johnny apparently found, after looking round at him once or twice, scrutinising him closely as though endeavouring to read his

thoughts. At length, tiring of such a long silence, and as much to find some companionship from the sound of his own voice as for any other reason, Johnny spoke :

‘What on earth are you thinking about?’ he said; ‘it’s mighty gloomy here; you might be more sociable, I think.’

‘Sociable!’ smiled his companion; ‘do you expect me to crack jokes when we are meandering about this blessed graveyard instead of having supper at the ball?’

‘No, but you might say something, you know; tell me what you think of all this; I have half a mind to go back.’

‘Go back!’ echoed his friend, ‘what, not wait, you mean?’

‘Well,’ laughed Johnny nervously, ‘they don’t seem to be coming, and I don’t think we need wait any longer.’

‘Why,’ replied Charlie, looking at his watch, ‘we are before time; as it is, of course we must wait,’ and then he relapsed into silence.

‘Isn’t it rather foolish to fight those fellows?’ began Johnny again.

‘Doubtless,’ replied his companion with a little laugh, ‘but you should have thought of that before you dragged us into it; we must go through with it now.’

‘Why must we? Can’t we “off it” now, and show we were only pretending?’ suggested Johnny, his face wearing a new and anxious look as he turned it towards his friend.

‘What are you talking about?’ said Charlie, stopping abruptly in his walk; ‘do I understand you that you wish to shirk fighting?’ he added in a cold voice.

‘Well, shirk is a hard word,’ was the hesitating answer, ‘but I think—I believe—I mean—I don’t see why we should put ourselves out like this.’

‘Bah!’ ejaculated his friend, ‘what is the matter with you? ’Pon my word, if anyone else had spoken like that I should be obliged to think he was afraid.’

‘And if you thought a fellow was afraid, what then?’ came in a jerky voice from his companion, as though it cost him an effort to say it, ‘what then?’

‘Why, I should despise him, that’s what then, my boy.’

‘Supposing you had liked him before?’

'I couldn't ever have liked a fellow who was capable of showing the white feather.'

'How can you know what anyone will do or is capable of doing—you've liked me, haven't you?'

'You know I have.'

'Well now, Charlie, suppose I tell you that I am a coward?'

'Bosh''

'Ah, I wish it were bosh, but it's true, all my life I've been a coward. I cannot help it. I envy you, you are so brave and fearless, while I—look at me'' he cried, glancing down at himself in unutterable disdain; 'look at me, Charlie; I am cold with fear, my teeth chatter and my head is going round. I cannot fight, I will not fight. Oh, let me go! You will not tell anyone—you are so clever—you can concoct a yarn to explain why I am not here. And oh! don't hate me—I cannot, cannot help it, it's my nature, I suppose, and I've fought against it all my life, but to no purpose,' and the boy, in reality all trembling, now covered his face with his hands and seemed to await the verdict of his friend.

'Come,' that friend said sternly, 'have done with this; you cannot be in earnest, can you?' as though striving to fight against conviction. There was no answer; what the boy had spoken was true. 'Be a man,' went on Charlie, putting his hands upon the shoulders of his companion, who dared not look at him as he spoke. 'Shake all this off and come with me; those fellows ought to have arrived by now.'

'Oh'' cried Johnny wildly, 'I cannot come, say what you like. It is better to run away now than to disgrace myself by funkng in their presence. Forgive me, Charlie; I cannot help it. What shall I do?'

'You can do what you like, for all I care,' replied his friend, withdrawing his hands and turning on his heel. 'If you are anxious to run away do not let any consideration for me stop you. I will do the best I can, single-handed, against the pair.'

'Oh! what a miserable cur I do seem,' sobbed the boy; 'don't leave me like that, Charlie, don't cut me for ever.'

I cannot do without you ; your friendship is what I value most on earth ; let me go and give me a chance to fight against this curse ; perhaps I shall grow out of it, I sometimes think I may. I know you will never tell of this night, but let me go, and swear you will never betray me ;' and speaking thus Johnny seized his friend by the hand, entreating. 'Swear, swear ! it's only one little sentence, so easy to say ; say it to help me, to save me. Why shouldn't you save me if you can ? for the sake of my people, for the sake of our friendship, swear.'

'I swear,' answered Charlie hoarsely.

'Thank God,' breathed the wretched youth, 'then I am safe ; your word is sacred, I have no fear. And our friendship, Charlie—will you cut me ?'

'Enough now,' was the answer. 'Go, I must tell you that to-morrow ; go,' he repeated, wrenching himself free from the other's grasp, 'go, and do not hinder me further now.'

'One kind word,' pleaded the boy, 'say you are sorry for me ; see, I cannot help it, I cannot indeed.'

'Johnny, won't you wait ?' suddenly said Charlie in a kinder tone. 'I'll see you through it, old boy. I'll help you, and if you go away it may ruin your whole life ; it will soon be over.'

'I cannot trust myself ; I should only run away when the time came.'

'Then go. I *am* sorry for you if you have no greater control over yourself than that ;' and once more turning on his heel Charlie Lathom walked swiftly towards the little pavilion at the top of the ground.

CHAPTER III.

CHILD'S PLAY.

CHARLIE had little time to meditate upon the sudden madness, as he deemed it, of his friend, for the sound of voices told him that the enemy had arrived. The subalterns had alighted from their gharry at the entrance,

and walked on to the ground. They came forward and bowed.

'I hope we are not late,' began Howard, 'but we had to go to barracks first; are you alone?'

'I regret to say I am,' replied Charlie; 'I fear my friend must have met with some accident; we separated in the ball-room to avoid suspicion, and he promised to meet me here. It is very provoking, but I trust his absence, if he does not turn up, will not interrupt our programme. I shall be very happy to take his place when my own duties are done.'

'Sir,' answered Jones, saluting, 'we have not the pleasure of knowing your name'—and he paused; Charlie said nothing—'but we could not think of allowing you to fight twice.'

'Thank you,' smiled the midshipman, 'but I shall prefer it.'

'We have brought some swords,' said Howard, without more ado, producing those weapons, 'knowing that you were unarmed.'

Taking a sword, Charlie examined it in the moonlight, and as he did so it began to strike him that he was doing rather a risky thing in fighting thus. While maintaining the silence which had so tried the patience of his friend, he had, in reality, been turning over in his mind some plan whereby this silly affair might be brought to an end by amicable means without loss of honour; but Johnny's ill-timed confession had brought chaos to his ideas. In the endeavour to allay the unworthy fears of his friend and induce him to see the matter through, any coherent plan which his tact might have evolved was knocked on the head. Even had it not been so, he would have hesitated to mention such a thing as compromise or apology to Johnny in his then frame of mind; he was not capable of appreciating the nicety of words or the subtle distinctions which such a compromise might involve. In his eagerness to escape the consequences of his champagne-born folly he would have been only too ready to jump at such a chance, regardless of the price paid by their honour,

and, through theirs, the honour of their ship. And now that he was alone, and his friend so suspiciously absent, it was still more impossible for Charlie, however much he may have wished it, to have been the first to attempt a peaceful solution by means of words. In fact, he had been so little the offender that it would have been ridiculous for him to apologise for what he had not done—though, for the matter of that, it was now forced upon him to wonder what had been done, and what the row was all about. The whole thing, as anyone could see, was so utterly childish and ridiculous; but there it was, and who should be the first to give way? Not himself, certainly. To-morrow morning his ship sailed; she had only been at Malta two days, and his opponents would be left to tell their own story of the occurrences of this evening. A quarrel may be foolish, wicked, wrong even, as indeed it often is, but who takes the trouble to inquire into the rights of the case during the narration of results? So-and-so had a row at a ball, they agreed to fight, when they met one of them immediately apologised and regretted his conduct; honour is satisfied, and the incident is closed. Is it? Moral courage is not always appreciated as it deserves, and when this story is told at mess any little show of interest or sympathy which it may elicit will be found generally on the side of the one who accepted, not proposed, the *amende honorable*. It is immoral, perhaps, that this should be so; but who can change public opinion on that account? Thus, when So-and-so's name is mentioned years after, it may be said, 'Oh, that fellow! wasn't there some story about him? Didn't he get mixed up in some ridiculous row, and then sneak out of it directly the other fellow meant business?'

There is no reason for supposing that all this passed through Charlie Lathom's brain when he took that sword in his hands, but no doubt some similar ideas and reflections were there. For a boy of nineteen Lathom was old for his years, and, as has been said above, a midshipman accustomed to responsibility and trained to think and act both for himself and others, can be readily understood to

think twice before he committed himself to a decision ; and Charlie, to use his own expression, saw that he was in a tight place. There was no time for arbitration or delay ; his ship sailed in a few hours, the matter could therefore be referred to no wiser heads than their own ; his decision must be taken at once, and the consequences, whatever they were, he must bear. Foolish as he knew it to be, he would have to fight. The prospect was not a pleasant one, for if his life depended upon his skill with a sword, it depended on what did not exist ; but what was, to do him justice, really uppermost in his mind, was the dread of mortally wounding his opponent, and thus ending the affair in tragedy. Then indeed would he be condemned for his decision, and possibly even poor Johnny might come in for a share of praise. But could the fight be brought to a finish without any particular amount of bloodshed, then, nothing succeeding like success, supposing the affair got abroad, he would be held to have acted in an entirely satisfactory manner. There is little doubt but that Charlie's antagonists were equally aware, matters now having gone so far, that they were making fools of themselves, but they could not trouble to think of that now ; they were far younger in their natures than Charlie, and it was not to be expected that they should pause to weigh the rights and wrongs of their quarrel, of the origin of which they had an extremely hazy idea, although rather unpleasant visions of reprimands and court-martial may have momentarily disturbed their youthful minds. However, no onlooker would have given either of the parties present credit for one single qualm, when Howard, bowing to Charlie, said :

‘ I fear my friend must be second for us both ; shall we begin ? ’

‘ Certainly,’ replied Charlie, and they began.

Now, there is no need to describe this wonderful duel, for it is certain that it would look quite as ridiculous upon paper as it did upon the polo ground. There was nothing remarkable about it either, excepting perhaps the utter lack of science. What would their respective instructors

have said? for barring the position there was little else according to the book. The other subaltern, Jones, who was looking on, was probably having the worst time of it, as the possible consequences of this scene now crowded upon his brain, while looking on at what seemed to be nothing but flashing, clashing swords, hitting and striking wildly, so wildly that he involuntarily moved himself to a safer distance to that which he had at first occupied. Suddenly there was a low, half-suppressed exclamation; some one was wounded, and crying, 'Hold on! the battle's over,' Jones sprang between the two combatants, who now indeed were worked up to fighting pitch, their nostrils distended and eyes gleaming as though they would have desired to prosecute this strange duel to the death. As they unwillingly drew back so as to avoid the slaughter of their common second, who had so unwelcomely interposed, Howard staggered slightly.

'You're hurt, old man?' cried Jones in alarm.

'Not much, just touched my arm; but it's bleeding a bit, I fancy,' replied the wounded warrior rather faintly.

'Put up your swords; honour is satisfied!' exclaimed Jones in a melodramatic voice, 'and thank the Lord, both of you, that you're still alive.'

'But I thought I had to fight you now?' said Charlie suavely.

'Bosh!' was the somewhat abrupt answer; 'we've made fools enough of ourselves for one evening surely;' then, as though recollecting himself and colouring to the roots of his hair, he added boyishly:

'You don't think it is because I am afraid, I hope?'

'Not I,' answered Charlie, smiling; 'shake hands, will you? You're quite right, we've done enough for one night, and even what we've done will be difficult enough to keep dark.'

'By Jove! you're right,' was the reply; 'but how about Howard—how is it, old fellow?'

That individual was now seated upon the ground, minus his coat, and occupied in cutting his shirt off with his sword.

‘I am all right, but want you to tie this up.’

This was soon done, and after a good pull of a whisky flask which Jones had had the forethought to place in his pocket, he was able to sit up and give his views on the situation in his usual voice.

‘You drew first blood,’ was his first comment, turning to Charlie; ‘lucky beggar! What’s the good of my having a sword if I can’t use it better than that?’

‘Fortune of war,’ replied Charlie oracularly. ‘What’s the programme?’ turning to Jones.

‘Why, shake hands, I suppose, and let’s leave this unholy spot as soon as we can, or we shall have some of those creeping Maltese round here smelling out our little amusement.’

‘By Jove! that will never do,’ cried Howard, rising to his feet and taking Charlie’s outstretched hand. ‘I don’t apologise for giving you the left one,’ he said, ‘as it is your fault I cannot give the right; but I say, though,’ he added, ‘there was one stroke of mine you stopped just in time to save your head. I verily thought it would take it off, and then what on earth should I have done?’

‘Well, you could scarcely have put it on again,’ laughed Charlie; ‘but it was a very odd cut. Did you ever use a scythe? But,’ he added more seriously, ‘I hope your arm will soon get well.’

‘Oh, that’s right enough; the only bother about it is, how am I to account for it? I can’t well tell the doctor I cut it shaving.’

‘Scarcely; you must explain how you fell upon a sharp rock.’

‘Yes, and he’ll say, “Drunk, I suppose, sir?” Oh, it’s all very well to laugh, it doesn’t matter to you.’

‘It might have been so much worse, you see,’ smiled his friend; ‘supposing, for instance, you’d been killed!’

‘Well, then, old chap, I should have had no bother at all; it would have devolved upon you, and you’d have found it a bad job too, I fancy, for you could hardly say that I had fallen on a sharp rock and cut my head off.’

‘Well, I think we’re all pretty well out of it; let us

drive up to barracks and see if we can raise supper. It's dry work looking on at a fight when the effects of champagne have evaporated; will you come?' turning to Charlie.

'Thank you, no; I must be off to the ship, it's getting late.'

'I say,' suddenly said Jones, 'where's your pal, the fellow who began our stupid row? It's very odd he hasn't turned up.'

'Poor chap, I hope nothing has happened to him,' answered Charlie, blushing in spite of himself, and thankful that the light was not sufficient to betray him, though it was light enough for him to see his companions exchange a glance.

'Now all that remains to be done,' he added, when they had at length reached the place where their gharries waited, 'is to resolve to keep this night's work to ourselves. Good-bye! we sail to-morrow, so I do not suppose there is much chance of our meeting again.'

'Good-bye!' shouted the others as their driver started off towards the town.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD HALF-HOUR.

WHEN Johnny was left standing in the middle of the polo ground alone, his feelings can perhaps be better imagined than described. He had gained his point, it is true, but what a point! and in gaining it had he not lost his friend and in all probability his honour?

'I have left him to bear the brunt of it alone, while I have funk,' thought the unhappy youth, as he began to walk slowly towards the town. He heard the voices of the subalterns as they arrived upon the scene, and slipping past them in the darkness, he continued on his way. He would not take the gharry; Charlie would want that, so he

walked on. When he had got no farther than one hundred yards, he stopped. No! he could not go right away—come what may, he must see Charlie after it was over; he would be able to patch the row up somehow, and be out directly, he felt sure, or rather persuaded himself he felt sure, in a vain attempt to extract comfort from his own thoughts, and, like many of us, thinking a thing would happen simply because he wished it so; and thus he wandered aimlessly up and down, waiting. It seemed as though the time would never pass, and it might have been hours that he paced there in the moonlight. It could not be himself, he thought, who was really undergoing this mental anxiety; and indeed, had any of his recent partners seen this pale agitated youth, they would scarcely have recognised in him the bright-faced laughing midshipman of a few hours before. In reality, he had not been there more than twenty minutes when he was disturbed by the sound of wheels. Pulling himself together, he began to walk quickly towards the town, so that the passers-by, whoever they were, might not be struck with his loitering there at that time of night. But it seemed they were not destined to be passers-by only. To his intense disgust the noise of wheels ceased, the carriage had pulled up, and its occupants were awaiting his coming, as though anxious to engage him in speech. He attempted to ignore this intention by walking quickly by, but to no purpose, for a voice speedily arrested him by calling out:

‘Hulloa, there! have you seen two of our fellows come in this direction?’ and looking up at the speaker, Johnny saw his uniform, and recognised in him one of the soldier officers who had been at the ball, brother officer of those whom Charlie was now meeting. The murder was out then, or rather the rumour of their duel had been noised abroad, and Johnny, who had felt that up till now there had been every chance in favour of his share of to-night’s proceedings remaining buried for ever, realised all at once how small had become his loophole of escape. He had been unhappy before—that waiting alone in the darkness, with the knowledge of his cowardice fresh upon him, had

been as a purgatory for his mind, and nothing, it then seemed, could have been worse. This, though, was worse—this proof that their secret had come to the ears of others, and he himself, the runaway, discovered skulking about the road out of the way of harm. No wonder the sweat stood upon his forehead and his heart beat as though it would burst; but putting a strong restraint upon himself, he turned towards his questioner with the most insouciant air he could assume, and said:

‘No, I haven’t seen any of your fellows lately,’ and made as though he would pass on.

‘Oh, you’re a deep one!’ exclaimed a voice from the farther side of the trap; ‘lately is a diplomatic word, and its sense varies according to circumstances. You’re one of the warriors, I suppose, and as you are coming away it must be all over,’ giving a wink which was apparent to no one but himself.

‘Exactly,’ answered Johnny, jumping at this chance of escape; ‘of course, I don’t know what you’re driving at, but if you expect to see anything out here, I wish you joy of your trouble, for there’s little to look at except the moon.’

‘Then, as you’re walking, I suppose our fellows have already gone back, and we must have missed them,’ suggested the first speaker. ‘Mum’s the word, it’s all right with us; but I say, my boy, you’re a hot ’un to go fighting duels at this time of night, or wanting to, for I can’t believe there’s really been anything up. If this story gets out, I doubt if our precious couple will ever be able to persuade any of us that they hadn’t partaken of too much viceregal champagne.’

Johnny could scarcely refrain from a derisive smile. Yes, he certainly was a ‘hot ’un,’ as the latest slang described it. He was so cold that his teeth would have chattered audibly had he once let them go, and there was a sinking at his heart which seemed to be bent upon dragging it all too literally into his boots; but he maintained his sphinx-like air of superior knowledge, and answered:

‘I dare say they’ll tell you all about it, if they are not already in bed and asleep.’

‘Then they *are* gone, and no one is hurt,’ cried one triumphantly. ‘Ah, you have let the cat out of the bag, you see. Here, driver, wake up, turn round and drive like fury. Can we give you a lift?’

‘No, thanks,’ said Johnny, and in another moment their gharry was bowling away in the distance, and he was alone once more.

‘Ah,’ he thought, ‘shall I get off? I fear there’s little chance of things being kept dark now.’ He did not know that while leaning over the side of the carriage to speak to its occupants he had somehow managed to lose a letter which had been thrust carelessly in his pocket. It fell unnoticed in the darkness on the rug upon the floor of the conveyance. When the soldiers were getting out this letter fell on to the doorstep, and one of the two seeing it stooped to pick it up, thinking it was his property; but as he glanced at it casually beneath the lamp-post he perceived his mistake.

‘Hulloa!’ he said, ‘this letter must belong to that young fire-eating sailor. We must send it off to the ship before she sails; one of his billets-doux, I suppose,’ and without further remark he put it into his pocket and strode into his quarters, intent on finding out his bellicose messmates and hearing their account of their adventures,

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

As may be supposed, when Johnny again heard the sound of wheels he made himself more scarce, vanishing temporarily into the darkness beyond the road. This time it was the carriage containing Howard and Jones. When they had safely passed him by, the unhappy youth peeped cautiously at that second carriage which followed at a

slower pace. It must contain Charlie. Was he hurt? he wondered; would he speak to him? But supposing, though, he were badly wounded, what then could he do? It never occurred to him in his agitation that had Charlie been badly hurt his antagonists would scarcely have left him to drive home alone.

As a matter of fact Charlie was driving slowly on purpose, for he had an idea that his friend would not be far off. 'It is some way to the town, and Johnny won't care to walk,' he had thought rather bitterly, 'and I suppose I must give him a lift.' He did not flatter himself that any anxiety on his behalf would be sufficiently powerful to induce him to stay; but the mere disinclination to walk might. He knew that Johnny was selfish, that was no surprise; the only surprise had been that he should suddenly fail at a critical moment, and behave in a manner which, to Charlie's code of honour, was utterly contemptible and mean. Some people rise to the occasion, others sink, and Johnny certainly on this occasion had sunk in the estimation of his friend. Thus when his pale face appeared at the window of the carriage, its occupant was in no way astonished. The driver pulled up, and in a moment the vehicle was once again *en route*, the two young men seated side by side.

'Oh, Charlie, are you hurt?' was the first question stammered forth by his companion.

'No, thanks.'

'Tell me, was I missed? What did you say?'

'I lied,' answered Charlie fiercely. He hated an untruth, and having to account for the absence of his friend by a palpable falsehood had angered him, though he had done it.

'Well?' continued Johnny.

'And they appeared satisfied,' added the other.

'How good of you! it was like you to do your best to save me,' he continued, with a lump in his throat and offering his hand.

But his friend pushed him away roughly, saying, 'Don't let us talk now; it's over, thank goodness. I've

not been killed, and I've murdered no one, and—but never mind.'

'And what, Charlie? Out with it.'

'And I have not run away, I was going to say, and as you compel me, I say it, though I don't want to rub it in; I dare say you're uncomfortable enough already.'

'Uncomfortable!' echoed Johnny with a world of meaning. 'A coward dies a thousand deaths, a brave man never dies but once. Thus I have died a thousand deaths and imagined a thousand horrors. If you *knew* what it was to run away, you'd be glad you were able to stay and see it through. *No one* knows the intensity of a coward's sufferings.'

'It's rather a pity you did not foresee some of those sufferings and resist the temptation to run,' answered Charlie rather shortly.

'Oh, of course, you can't understand,' said his companion in a tone of despair. 'No brave fellow could, but don't be too hard on me for all that; I will try to overcome my curse if only this night's work can pass off without discovery; and you have sworn never to tell, Charlie,' he added anxiously as they approached the steps.

'You know I have sworn; isn't once enough? Now let us drop the subject; we shall have to lie again, I suppose, to account for our absence from the ball,' he continued angrily; 'bah! it is hard for a fellow to run straight.'

In a few moments they were both duly reporting themselves to the officer of the watch, and entering their names and the time of their return in the leave book in the chart-house.

'You're late,' was all the Lieutenant vouchsafed to them; 'but I suppose you have had a good ball?'

'Very sir, thank you,' said Johnny with his bright smile, and then they went below.

It seemed strange to be back safely in the steerage once more after the agitating hours that they had so recently spent; and the heavy breathing of the various occupants of the hammocks around them, telling of oblivion of the world without, was in itself a contrast to their late

adventures. Without a word our two midshipmen each sought his own hammock, and proceeded to make speedy preparations for getting into it. As Charlie knelt at his chest to pray before turning in, we may be sure he did not neglect to give thanks for safe deliverance from danger, the consequences of his own and his friend's folly. When he had risen from his knees he walked over to where Johnny was wretchedly undressing and battling with an inclination to sob, lest such a weakness might be observed by the sentry or attract the attention of some wakeful eye in one of the surrounding hammocks.

'I want that letter I gave you,' said Charlie in a whisper.

'What letter?'

'That letter I had from home, and that I let you read because there was a message to you in it.'

'Oh, all right,' replied Johnny, 'it's in my coat, wait a bit,' and he proceeded to make search for the letter in question, but he could not find it.

'Surely you can't have lost it,' said Charlie anxiously. 'I only just read it once.'

'I am awfully sorry. I can't think what can have become of it; perhaps it will turn up in the morning,' answered Johnny with contrition. 'I am so sorry,' and he looked as though this little misfortune on the top of his great big one was the last straw which was just one more than he could bear.

'It can't be helped,' said Charlie kindly. 'I dare say you have overlooked it; let's hope, as you say, it will turn up in the morning.'

The letter was from Charlie's sister. It had gone overland and met the ship at Malta. It was full of regrets for his departure, told him how he was missed, and how that morning at the meet everyone had asked after him. 'Tell Johnny West,' it said, 'that his father was out on the grey, and of course went as straight as usual.' This was the message to Johnny—evidently his father had his heart in the right place; did he know of the weak spot in his boy's character? Charlie was put out at losing

this letter. Boys, and men too, away from home, cherish these letters, but he did not think very much of the loss, for he fully expected that it would turn up in the morning. And in this he was not disappointed. The letter did turn up in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A WHITE FEATHER.

BREAKFAST had not long been cleared away in the gunroom of H.M.S. 'Victoria,' and its inhabitants were endeavouring to pass the time in various ways. Some were drawing or finishing work for the naval instructor, others were writing hasty letters home, in order to post them at Malta before departure; some were reading and others were bear-fighting, throwing books at each other, running over the table, and in short doing quite sufficient to hinder those more studious of their companions whose occupations were being pursued under such great difficulties. But these seemed patience personified. Sometimes, indeed, a particularly aggressive action would call forth a 'Shut up, can't you! how is one to write?' or a novel or a ruler thrown with careful precision at the head of one of the most noisy would occasionally remind him that he could not do exactly as he chose with absolute impunity. Meantime three or four different conversations or discussions were being carried on, or rather shouted on, at the same moment, and to any one unacquainted with this holy of holies it would have seemed a pandemonium indeed. But outsiders never do see this sanctum except it be swept and garnished. In most ships a wardroom officer would as soon think of entering the gunroom uninvited as he would of waltzing into the presence of his admiral; and it need scarcely be said that a real outsider, what a midshipman would designate as a 'shore-going lurker,' would never be introduced without some timely warning. Here on this morning the midshipman was at home. And a

truly wonderful home it was. The roof of this narrow room was covered with racks in which were stowed hats, boots, guncases, walking-sticks and umbrellas. Down below on the lockers, on the shelves, anywhere, everywhere, there lay, thickly strewed, a variety of miscellaneous gear, such as books, glasses, jam-pots, bottles of gum, drawing-boards and many other articles besides, while youths of all ages from fifteen to twenty-one sat on, or sprawled over, the forms. It is unnecessary to retail the conversations, or place on record the flow of chaff which never ceased. The remarks of a gunroom are pungent and to the point, they are accurately descriptive and leave no room for the imagination, nevertheless they would not look well in print. Our two friends of the preceding night were there. Lathom was writing a letter, while West was yawning over a novel. Suddenly the midshipman just relieved from watch burst in, and with a yell of 'Outside there, breakfast!' seated himself with a bang next to Charlie, much to the detriment of that person's calligraphy.

'The post bag's just come off,' he informed his audience, 'letters from the girls we left behind us; we are to get under way in half an hour, too,' he added, 'so look slippy with your correspondence.'

Here the wretched man-of-all-work, that butt and long-suffering sufferer the gunroom servant, appearing with the watch's breakfast, that youth's flow of information ceased as he proceeded to give attention to his meal. It took some little time for the secretary and his clerks to sort the English mail, but there were a few local letters which were immediately distributed. Among them were two which could scarcely escape general attention. They were in large envelopes and each sealed with a large and identical seal. They were addressed to Charles Lathom, Esq., R.N., and John West, Esq., R.N.

'Hulloa! invitations to a ball, I declare,' said some one; 'that comes of last night's fascinations; Johnny and old Lathom, too, deep old fox; those quiet fellows are the boys,' went on the wag with a wise shake of the head.

As may be imagined, neither of the recipients of these missives appeared particularly delighted at their arrival. Their consciences were not sufficiently clear, and each saw their secret wrapped up in those horrible envelopes, which looked as if they belonged to a nightmare. Johnny had been counting the moments till the time of departure; it was near at hand, and here at the last moment was apparently something which might ruin everything. What could it be? and he turned this unwelcome letter over in his hand as though it were a hot potato.

As for Charlie, visions of arrest and court-martial were upon him, and for the hundredth time that morning did he curse the tomfoolery, as he called it, of last night. But embarrassed as he was, he could not help looking over to where Johnny was toying with his unwelcome letter.

‘Come, West, don’t, don’t be so mysterious! What’s the date of the entertainment?’ said a voice.

‘I’ll tell you,’ cried he in desperation, feeling that at all costs the letter, whatever its contents, must be opened now and carried off with a high hand, and so saying he broke the seal.

On a large piece of paper were these words: ‘The undersigned officers of ——— Regiment present their compliments to Mr. West, and beg to inform him how greatly they admire the nobility of his conduct last night, in remaining to fight in such a gallant manner after his friend ran away.’ Then followed a short list of names, among which were those of Howard and Jones.

At first there was a look of bewilderment upon West’s face which was wonderful to behold, but only for a moment. Then laughing it off he said, ‘It’s nothing after all, only some fellows wishing me good-bye,’ and stuffed the letter into his pocket.

At this moment Charlie, having just finished reading another letter which he had received, relieved by the sound of West’s laughter, proceeded to open his large envelope. He tore it right open without any concealment, and as he did so there fell out of it his letter from home which he had lent to Johnny to read, and which that individual

had failed to return. But that was not all. The large envelope contained something else besides, and he pulled it out, as it had been bent up double. It was a large white feather. Everyone saw it, and everyone's curiosity was aroused. 'What on earth is that?' they said. 'Who is it from? Where is the joke?' and as Charlie looked at this horrible thing which seemed to him like a snake, in spite of himself the colour rushed into his cheeks. As for Johnny, the agony of that moment, the suspense, will remain to him a memory for life. There was some dreadful mistake, that was evident. He must have dropped the letter addressed to his friend, hence it had been gathered that *his* name was Lathom. Comparing notes with those who had been at the fight, the officers he had met must have concluded that he was where they had seen him because he had funkcd; indeed, they could have come to no other conclusion. It must have been known that it was West who had provoked the quarrel, and gone out to meet the enemy on the polo ground with his friend Lathom; therefore they had again most naturally concluded that it was he, West, who had fought. All this passed like lightning through his brain, the thing was as clear as noonday. To Charlie it was not so clear. What did it mean? how came his letter there? why was that feather sent to him? And then suddenly it dawned upon him. Johnny had had his letter and must have dropped it; their duel had been discovered, and—yes! he saw it now—there had evidently been a mistake as to their names, and it was thought that he, Lathom, had funkcd. With a smile which was almost a sneer he looked up at this thought, and found the eyes of all his messmates fixed upon him. He heeded them not, but sought the face of his friend, the boy whose life had always been so full of happiness and pleasure that trouble to him was but a name. He was a little in the background sitting on a locker in a corner, and as attention had been averted from him no one noticed his expression; every eye was concentrated upon Lathom and that mysterious feather. One look at Johnny was enough. When he caught the

eye of his friend he wore a look of entreaty, a look of agonised pleading, which went straight to Charlie's heart. The look was but a flash, but it sufficed. 'He has not the courage to explain,' thought Charlie; 'poor fellow! I am stronger than he, I must bear it for him.' In that brief second Charlie Lathom had stepped from the commonplace to the heroic. Because he had a soft feeling heart and a fund of sympathy, which though it may be the sweetest of qualities is yet too often a sad obstacle to those who desire worldly success; because he was thus handicapped, or blessed, whichever you will, his life was to be henceforward one of heroism and self-denial. When he next spoke, another hero had been added to the roll of fame. The pause had been momentary though it has taken time to describe; in fact, there seemed scarcely any hesitation at all after the question, 'Where's the joke?' When Charlie in his usual nonchalant tones replied, 'I don't understand it, and I fail to see the joke,' Johnny gave a little gasp of relief and returned to his book as though he had no further interest in the matter; but he was not destined to read far, though he pretended to do so. 'Oh, really!' suddenly said Francis, a tall sub, who had been busily reading a letter he had himself received. 'I have just had a letter from a pal of mine in the — Regiment, and I think I can explain the joke,' pointing to the white feather, 'to all of you.' At this remark a great silence came over that so lately noisy room. Everyone was listening intently—evidently something very unusual was on foot. So quiet was it that the sentry outside might have imagined it Sunday afternoon at sea, when every midshipman not on watch is always sound asleep. Just as Francis was going to speak, again the bugle sounded. He waited; yes, there were the three G's, it was the officers' call—the ship was getting under way. Immediately the scene changed to one of immense confusion. There was a scramble for dirks and caps, a rush was made for the deck, and a moment later the room was absolutely empty.

CHAPTER VII.

A GUN-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL.

THERE had been a gun-room court-martial, such a court as was always held to consider and give judgment upon any matter which affected the honour of the mess, through the conduct of one of its number. In most cases these courts are held for purely trifling affairs; indeed, it is seldom that any member of the gun-room commits an offence that is serious, or one that cannot be summarily dealt with by his messmates, and punished by a sentence of 'over the table,' and the administration of a certain number of dozen. However, this court-martial was a different matter. The honour of the whole mess, nay more, of the whole ship, was involved, and the affair had to be sifted to the bottom. It is useless to describe this non-official court, whose power was unquestioned, excepting to say that it was modelled on the real court, for to the civilian mind such description would be unintelligible, while to those who are in the service all details would be superfluous. It is not often that this mock trial is an abuse of power, and those who have received its sentence have frequently been the first to uphold the advantages of its institution. It was so now. Charlie Lathom was the principal prisoner before the court, and from the point of view of the president and his instructors, he felt that there was nothing to complain of in his treatment. The case lay in a nutshell. Two members of the mess had been guilty of brawling at a public ball. They had then agreed to meet two military officers for the sake of 'fighting it out.' This was the first offence, an offence which, had it come to the ears of the authorities officially, would have assuredly taken the matter out of the jurisdiction of the present court, and involved a court-martial of another kind. However, the matter had been kept tolerably secret (very tolerably, thought West). Luckily the ship had sailed, and in all likelihood the affair would

be quickly forgotten; but the matter having become known in the gun-room, and as it naturally affected the honour of each member it contained, it must be looked to at once. Thus began the statement for the prosecution. The second indictment was that Charlie Lathom and John West repaired to the polo ground as arranged. When there, although they had made fools of themselves, probably through an excess of drink, West remained to see the matter through, Lathom like a cowardly hound 'ran away.' Here a groan ran through the court. West under the circumstances did what he could to support the honour of the ship (hear, hear). It had been rendered impossible for him to draw back now. He fought one of the subalterns with a sword, and wounded him slightly in the arm (a burst of admiration from all present, which was quickly repressed), and then offered to fight the other subaltern, who chivalrously refused. West came on board, as can be seen in the leave book, in company with Lathom, whom a letter received this morning describes as 'skulking about the road while the fight was going on.' He dropped a letter by means of which his name was ascertained. He gave false information about the departure of the duellists, and thus escaped unpleasant questions. There was no defence. Lathom shut his lips firmly as though afraid he should speak. His face was deathly pale, and there was a look of despair upon it which might almost have proclaimed his guilt. The iron was entering into his soul, for this was his first stern lesson of life. In those few moments he had aged years; he knew now what trouble meant, and as long as he lived he could never feel a boy again. But it never occurred to him to speak, nor did he ever venture to look again at his friend to encourage himself in his noble purpose. He had seen that look of entreaty this morning. Johnny did not speak then to clear him; so be it: he would not speak now to clear himself. As for Johnny, his face wore almost its usual expression. He felt he was safe. He knew that Charlie would never explain now, and to a person of his weak nature the worst seemed over. He had been upon

the edge of a precipice, and his friend had gone over in his stead, pushing him to a place of safety. He accepted the sacrifice and was no longer afraid. Bright and careless always, he lived his life from day to day, taking no thought for the future, enjoying every moment, provided things were all serene. There had bid fair to be a cloud in the sky, but it had blown over and things were all serene once more. Charlie had stepped into his shoes; he was such a strong self-reliant fellow that it wouldn't matter to him half as much as it would to himself. Indeed, Johnny felt that such a thing would have crushed the very life out of him, rendering future happiness impossible. But Charlie was different; he would get over it somehow, and he could, too, always make it up to him by some yet unforeseen means or other. This was how it was that West wore his usual expression, nor betrayed himself by the slightest sign. He could no more appreciate the mercy and chivalry of his friend than a little child can understand the teaching of the stars. He was absolutely mentally incapable of grasping the price which was being paid for his safety; thus he was neither so unfeeling nor so wicked as he appears. No two people are constituted alike; and this boy, gifted with an attractive exterior, high spirits, and an ability to please, had but few good qualities beneath his superficial polish; till now their absence had scarcely been noticeable. Johnny West, unthinking, careless, heedless, whatever it may be called, accustomed to have everything made easy for him from early childhood, at the age of nineteen was now the recipient of a greater gift than falls to the lot of most—the gift of another person's honour. It was very good of Charlie, and he took it. But while these two were standing there at this improvised bar of justice, the court went on. For brawling in public it was agreed that West should receive six dozen, but—and here the speaker looked round for approbation—in consideration of the pluck he had subsequently shown, it was proposed that this sentence should be, by the mercy of the court, annulled. Everyone looked pleased. As for Charles Lathom, his is no

ordinary case. He has imperilled the honour of this mess and this ship—more of the service even—and played the part of a cowardly poltroon. The sentence is that he shall be sent to absolute Coventry by his messmates, who will by this means show their opinion that he is unfit to associate with officers and gentlemen.

There was a dead silence at this decision, which everyone felt to be severe though thoroughly deserved. As one in a dream Charlie heard the verdict. From their point of view it was a just one, but a sneer curled about his tightly drawn lips. He run away! he a poltroon! he could almost have laughed a bitter laugh. 'Could his messmates know him so little as that? could it be possible they really thought he dared not fight? Ah! if only he could show them.' But what use in thinking thus? there was no help, no appeal; this thing was real, and though innocent he had chosen to suffer; therefore it must be done bravely and with no faltering. In a moment the court had broken up, the individuals of which it was composed pursued their ordinary avocations, and the day's routine went on as though nothing untoward had occurred. No one spoke to Lathom, his punishment had begun; it was to the others as though he did not exist, and he was as much alone in that room full of his late friends and companions as he would have been in a desert. The poor fellow gave one look round him in a dazed kind of way, and then, as though realising what his future life was to be, gathered himself together and left the mess. He must think or he should go mad. And so he went on deck, and there, passing and repassing the little parties of twos and threes who were taking exercise on that narrow space, he walked alone. But thought was almost impossible; by their whispers and suddenly lowered tones as the others passed him, he knew that they were discussing himself and commenting on this morning's occurrence. How he wished he could have betaken himself to the other side of the deck, where the senior officers were taking their exercise. As yet they knew nothing of his disgrace. As yet! Of course it would soon be evident

that he was an outcast, and that his messmates shunned him as they would a leper. That everyone would know this was, he felt, inevitable, though the origin of his disgrace might remain a secret, the members of the gun-room not being likely to talk about such a private affair. He fetched a book, and then, under cover of a pretence of reading, went on to the fore bridge, and there lying down beside a hencoop, unheeded by the midshipman of the watch, who had of course been posted up in the verdict, he remained alone with himself and his misery. Presently he pulled out the letter from home, which had been the chief evidence against him, and read it through. 'I wonder if she would believe me a coward?' thought Charlie, as he came to his sister's name at the bottom of the page. 'No, I think not,' he answered himself, with a smile that lit up his face, and seemed to smooth out the lines upon his forehead and the rings round those eyes which, though full, were too proud to overflow. 'There is comfort in that thought, at any rate. If all the world were against me she would be upon my side. She herself knows not what fear is, and she could not suppose that I did either. Well, she knows me,' he thought; 'these fellows apparently don't; but Johnny knows me. Well, Johnny doesn't think I ran away, poor Johnny!' and he sighed. 'Yes, poor Johnny!' he thought again, 'it would have broken his heart and spoilt his life. I am glad I saved him. I may live it down; what is that line?

I hold it truth with him who sings,
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Well, I'm dead now so far as this ship is concerned; whether I rise or not remains to be seen. Oh for a chance of a fight where I could show them what I could do! they'd see whether I am a coward or not.' And thus Charlie Lathom, like many before him, battled it out with his trouble. To some this trouble may sound childish and insignificant. Lucky people! burdened with no ultra fine feelings of sympathy. Picture a boy, high spirited and

happy, brought up in a strict code of honour and abhorring anything that is not straight, entering upon life. That life is his friendships, his social intercourse with his contemporaries, his duty and his pleasures. His quick sympathy and sensitiveness, which make the affairs, prosperity and misfortune, of his companions of as much moment to him as his own. In one moment quite unexpectedly this is over. In future his duty must be done alone, unsympathised with and undiscussed. Companions he has none, friends he has none. He can never again be let into the life that is going on around him, he can never give away help or sympathy more—he has given it away once and for all. The object of it has accepted it all in a lump as one gift, and gone rejoicing on his way, while he who has parted with this treasure is left helpless, disgraced, and alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALONE IN A CROWD.

LIFE went on as usual on board the ship, and no one heeded Charlie. His messmates were studiously polite to him, and on duty the utmost deference was paid to him, but there was no intercourse otherwise, no words of friendship. The senior officers had got wind that something was wrong with Lathom, and it piqued their curiosity slightly. He had never been a favourite like West or some of the others, he was so reserved and dull, and it must have been the force of contrast which made West choose him for his friend. But when in the smoking circle at night Lathom was always seen sitting apart smoking his pipe, and speaking to no one excepting perhaps a warrant officer, this practical isolation could scarcely escape the attention of the ward-room officers, sitting on the opposite side of the deck round the after-starboard gun.

‘What’s up, West?’ the lieutenant of his watch asked him one day; ‘what’s wrong with Lathom?’

‘Nothing, sir, that I know of,’ was the reply.

‘Nonsense! he is always alone, and no one ever seems to speak to him. What’s he done?—don’t you fellows like him?’

‘Well, sir, he isn’t very popular, you know,’ answered Johnny. ‘And well—and perhaps he has done something.’

‘What something?’

Now West might have answered that the something was to sacrifice himself for his sake, but he did not, and contented himself with saying, ‘Oh, I don’t know, sir,’ and the lieutenant having been but very lately in the gun-room himself dropped the subject, seeing that though West knew, it was probably a point of honour with him not to tell.

Lathom had almost got accustomed to his solitary life now. Grave before he had become graver now; he seemed to be quite apathetic to what went on around him and seldom or never smiled.

He was a smart officer, and always did his duties in a manner that deserved commendation. The naval instructor looked upon him as a treasure; there was something so sad and taking about this tall lad, who seemed to spend his whole time endeavouring to do his work to the satisfaction of this much tasked master. His courteous tones and deferential manner were a strange contrast to the noisy and thoughtless behaviour of the majority of this gentleman’s pupils. He often pondered over the origin of this sadness, marvelling greatly at the unpopularity he seemed to enjoy, and one day went so far as to question him. That sad look in his eyes quite haunted him, and he felt it his duty, good man! to elicit the trouble, that he might adjust it with commonplaces and advice. But Charlie, with a smile which seemed to come from the lips only, for it did not touch the expression of his eyes, only answered:

‘There is nothing the matter with me, sir, thank you, that I can tell you.’

‘Then there is something,’ pursued the chaplain. Charlie was silent. ‘Come, tell me, my boy; perhaps I can help you.’

‘No one can help me, sir,’ he said with a tone of conviction that proved to his questioner the helplessness of the case. ‘Will you kindly excuse me now, sir, for I have nothing to tell,’ and so he was fain to dismiss him.

Some weeks had passed now. The ship was anchored off Adelaide, and the festivities had begun which had been in preparation to give the Admiral and his officers a colonial welcome. All this time West had not spoken to Lathom. To do him justice, he had endeavoured to do so, but whenever he came up to him for that purpose, Charlie had turned away. If West spoke to him he would be breaking the unwritten law, which was that no one should hold intercourse with him. Having done so much in order to save him from the consequences of his unworthy fright, Charlie was not going to let him incur odium for the sake of a few words. The only consolation he had in his solitude was that Johnny seemed so happy. As usual, he was the life and soul of the gun-room, and an authority upon any question that was mooted. He had quite recovered his spirits, and seemed to have almost forgotten the drama in his life which had happened so long ago. It *was* long ago, he argued, it was a month or more. He had become quite accustomed to seeing Charlie in solitude by now, and though at first he may have experienced some qualms when watching his quondam friend bending eternally over his book, or taking his lonely walk on deck, he had become used to it, and argued himself into believing that Charlie really rather enjoyed his position. ‘He’s always dull, and hates a row,’ thought Johnny to himself, ‘and I believe he likes the feeling that he is in some way a martyr; he is so awfully good, and good people revel in a cross they don’t deserve.’ At first he had felt hurt at Charlie’s taking it for granted that they were not to speak, and on one occasion said rather crossly, ‘Well, if you like to bear malice I suppose you must do so, but I should have thought you were above that sort of thing,’ and Charlie only sighed as he went on with his reading, in which he had been interrupted, while others who had seen Johnny’s overtures of friendship kept

it to themselves, though perhaps mentally noting that it was like West's good-heartedness to stick to a friend, even after the way in which he had behaved to him that night at Malta.

In time the ship had settled down to ordinary life at Sydney. Very soon each officer of the ship had dropped into the ways of the place. There is no hospitality equal to that to be met with in the colonies, and there are always houses open to the officers of the fleet. Each individual has his home on shore, and so welcome are these young men made, that it is not long before they begin to look upon this particular mansion as their home in very deed. But it is not often that the ward-room and gun-room avail themselves of the hospitality of the same houses. In the navy the junior officers seldom mix with their seniors on terms of friendship, for between them there is a gulf fixed, a gulf of *gêne* on the part of both. Thus it was not often that the lieutenants and the midshipmen met on shore, except upon formal occasions; and therefore the complete isolation of Lathom from his messmates was never brought very forcibly before the notice of his superiors. For Charlie was more isolated than ever. He took part in some of the games that were got up; he played tennis and he played cricket, but not often; the studious deference and polite coldness with which he was treated by his one time friends soon proved to him that it would be better to accept the inevitable and forego such pleasures, for they were pleasures no longer. He had thought that in time he might live down this sentence of banishment against himself, but now began to despair; there was surely no way of living it down. He had been accused and found guilty of running away and leaving his friend in the lurch. Why or how, if they really believed it, should they ever overlook such a crime as this?

Meanwhile Johnny was winning golden opinions; his was the sort of popularity which began at once. Seldom had there been such a jolly good-humoured young officer upon the station. He was the bringer of laughter wherever

he went, and was always welcome. Once he managed to speak to Lathom, and begged him not to look so miserable.

‘What *is* the good,’ he said in his own forcible language, ‘of going about with a face like a meat-axe? you only attract attention, and people talk. Look here,’ he went on, ‘there’s a house here where I go whenever I can; the people are awfully good to me, and they are the nicest people I ever met. They were asking me the other day if they had seen all the midshipmen, and I said, “No, there was another.” “Do bring him with you,” they said, whereupon Jarvis asked whom I meant, and when I said you he laughed. “Oh, yes, he’s a capital fellow,” he said, “you’ll like him.” “And why shouldn’t I like him?” asked Miss Brune—she’s the daughter—and when Jarvis only laughed, she said, “I must, and will, and shall know him, and I rely upon Mr. West to bring him.” I said I couldn’t exactly bring you, but I’d tell you to go and call; you’d like her, Charlie,’ he went on with an inflection of feeling in his tones, ‘and she’d do you good. You want some one to talk to, and she’s the very person to cheer you up; so you will go to please me, won’t you? because I said you would, you know.’

‘Well,’ smiled Charlie rather bitterly, ‘if you really wish it I will go and see your paragon, but you must contrive to let me know a time when none of the other fellows will be there, because,’ he said with a short laugh, ‘as you know, it might be awkward, and it is simply to please you that I am going.’

To please you or others, that was the key to a good many of Charlie’s thoughts. He had done all he could to dislike West, and had argued with himself and bullied himself on the subject, but to no purpose. It is a fact that the affections being accustomed to run in a groove, frequently find it hard to turn themselves into a less accustomed channel, and once a person of a deep and earnest nature contracts a friendship, it is little likely to be greatly influenced by the actions of the friend in question. There may be felt disappointment as to his character, and by

some unworthy deed he may forfeit respect, but yet retain his hold upon the affections, to which many a sad story of self-sacrifice to an unworthy object can amply testify. In this present instance Charlie, being perfectly aware of the baseness of the conduct of his friend, also knew that had the same call been made upon his generosity again to save that friend, he would act precisely as he had done on that day when leaving Malta. His code of morality taught him to help any friend in as far as he was able, and to this assistance he set no limit through thought of self; and as is frequently the case, West, taking advantage of his knowledge of these sentiments, set but little store upon what was so easily obtained. Charlie ordered his conduct in small things as well as in great, and therefore, though it was against his inclinations to visit strangers, yet felt it would be selfish to refuse such a simple request through mere disinclination, and accordingly gave a promise to go. He asked particulars as to where these people lived, and when he had better go there, &c., and at this moment the boat coming in—for they had been waiting on the steps to go off to the ship—this stolen conversation came to an end.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOUSE AT ROSE BAY.

GLENAVA was one of the many picturesque houses that fringe the shores of Sydney Harbour. It was in Rose Bay, and though a long low-roofed house, stood at an elevation which commanded a view of the most beautiful harbour in the world, while the well-kept lawn sloped gradually towards the sea till it came to the oyster-covered rocks below. It was a beautiful spot, and fit frame for the picture now upon the lawn. The picture was Miss Muriel Brune, who was amusing herself by looking seaward with her glasses. She was a young lady whose slightest whim was a law which she expected to be obeyed,

and her latest whim having been that she should know *all* the midshipmen of the flagship, the only one she had not yet seen was at this moment coming across the lawn to be inspected. Our friend, Charlie Lathom, smiling and looking like his old self now that he had taken the plunge and got away from his unsociable companions, was on his way to make the acquaintance of this young lady. It was rather an awkward moment for him, because she did not appear to notice his approach, and continued her occupation of staring out to sea. As a matter of fact, she had caught sight of a young man coming towards her, and had no intention of flattering him with immediate notice. Miss Brune felt certain that it was only one of the midshipmen who almost lived there, and did not mean to bother her head about him yet, till she was ready. As for Charlie, he began to feel uncomfortable, and at length spoke.

‘I was told that Mrs. Brune was out,’ he began, ‘and that I should find you here, and so I ventured.’

‘Yes, yes, it’s all right,’ interrupted his hostess with a laugh. ‘I know you are there, but don’t you see that I am busy, and you ought to wait patiently?’ and then turning to him with outstretched hand, ‘how do you do—but who are you?’ she added, staring at him in some bewilderment. ‘I really beg your pardon, but I thought you were one of the midshipmen.’

‘And so I am,’ answered Charlie, with a smile at the confusion of this young lady, who a little while ago had showed a too provoking sang-froid.

‘Then you’re Mr. Lathom?’ she said quickly.

‘I am,’ replied her visitor with a bow.

‘Oh, how interesting!’ she exclaimed with fervour; ‘I am so glad to see you. Come and sit down here, won’t you, and make yourself agreeable.’

‘That I fear is beyond my ken,’ said Charlie with a grave smile, ‘that is more in West’s line than mine.’

‘Oh, Mr. West! he is always agreeable, and it was very agreeable of him to persuade you to come here, as I wanted to see you.’

‘So he flattered me by saying,’ said Charlie with a smile; ‘but I fear now that I am here I shall only prove a bore.’

‘Not a bit of it,’ she answered frankly, ‘you’re something new. I know Mr. West and all the others by heart, but you are so different to them.’

‘Yes, I am,’ he said with a sigh.

‘Why do you sigh?’ she said, looking puzzled; ‘and why, forgive me, Mr. Lathom, why do you look so sad? You have such a far-away look, as though you scarcely saw me at all,’ she continued with a tone of childish pique; ‘what is it you are thinking about? tell me!’

Charlie was silent as he looked at his questioner to discover, if he could, whether this question were affected or real; then as she reiterated it, ‘There’s nothing to tell,’ he said.

‘Well, at any rate,’ she went on with a persistence that was beginning to puzzle him, ‘why do you never go out, and why was I told by Mr. West that when you called I was to leave word for the other midshipmen that I was out?’

‘Because he thinks I’m shy, I suppose.’

‘Nonsense,’ replied the young lady, ‘but of course if you won’t tell me, you won’t; but,’ she went on, and here her changeable tones took an inflection that went straight to poor Charlie’s lonely heart, ‘I should like to be friends with you, if you will let me.’

‘Would you?’ he echoed, looking with a light in his eyes at this pretty graceful girl who had so suddenly proffered her friendship. He did not know that, though he now met her for the first time, she had talked him over so often and puzzled about him so much that he seemed to her like an old acquaintance already. There was no doubt about the beauty which he saw. A pretty oval face, with clear brown eyes and auburn hair. She looked the picture of health and strength, too, as though her life had been spent in the open air of that delightful climate, and there was about her a nameless grace and charm, which to Charlie was the most captivating of all,

for she seemed so self-possessed and unconscious of self, so different to any English young lady of the same age. Her frank and rather abrupt manner of showing such quick sympathy, and evincing an interest so real and unaffected in himself, touched him. There was an absence of artificiality that struck Charlie as something fresh and pleasing, and her perfect naturalness made him feel that she was indeed different to any one that he had seen before. For this freeborn and outspoken young lady, untrammelled as yet by many petty social laws, thought and spoke for herself with that perfect ease and confidence which reacts like magic upon others. The midshipmen, who one and all adored her, had voted her 'a real good sort,' and Charlie, as he looked at her, thoroughly endorsed this opinion. The imperious young beauty had been piqued into wishing to know this mysterious member of the gun-room, who alone had stood aloof from her shrine, and now that she saw him, so much graver and older-looking than the others, she felt that he was in reality worth the whole lot of them, and straightway determined to conquer him and make him confide in her. Charlie, after the first shyness had worn off, required little conquering. At first the unaccustomed effort of conversing had been almost painful to him, but now, his tongue once loosed, there was a charm in this companionship to the poor lonely youth, which seemed to fill some void in his aching heart.

'Indeed I should like to be friends very much,' he said, looking at her in undisguised boyish admiration. 'I have not many friends, and none at all in this country.'

'Besides your shipmates?' she said, using the words she had picked up from her naval admirers; but Charlie was vacantly looking seaward, and did not answer, as though he were thinking of those friends he had mentioned who lived beyond the water. At this moment Madame Brune appeared, and this *tête-à-tête* which had begun so well was interrupted. She was a kind, motherly woman who greeted Charlie warmly, upbraiding him for having been so long in coming to see them, and express-

ing a hope that, like the other midshipmen, he would look upon this house as his home. He stayed to dinner with his new friends, and when it was time to go back to catch the last boat off to the ship, he walked along scarcely able to realise why on earth he felt so happy. There seemed a load taken off his heart, and life appeared brighter than it had for many a long day. No wonder either, for after months of repression and solitude he had begun to imagine that the ordinary sensations of every day had gone out of him for ever, and that friendship would never be more to him than an empty sounding name; and now the spell was broken, and with the greatest ease. Two brown eyes had looked into his, and asked him to be a friend. Aye, that he would; it meant so much more to him than it would have to another—and life at this moment seemed a thing to be desired.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

IN future whenever he got ashore Charlie invariably turned his steps towards Glenava, not caring now whether his messmates were there or not. Sometimes they were, and at first this had made things rather awkward, since they ignored his presence and did not speak to him; but the ready tact of Miss Brune noticing this without comment, had addressed most of her conversation to Charlie, in her turn almost ignoring the others, until on some excuse or another they would hide their offence and take their departure. One of them, Tritton, once ventured to remonstrate with her.

‘You seem to be so wrapped up in Lathom, there is no getting a word out of you,’ he said.

‘Oh, it’s jealous,’ laughed the girl, ‘poor little boy!’

‘You may laugh at me if it pleases you,’ replied the injured midshipman, with an attempt at dignity, ‘but it

you can't tell a good sort from a bad lot, it's only kind to warn you.'

'Very kind,' said Muriel gravely, 'and I am most grateful. And so you're a good sort, are you? Let me observe you, for I have never looked at you in that light before.'

'Oh, chaff away! but you know what I mean well enough, and that is, if you go on encouraging Lathom to come here, we can't come, that's all.'

'All!' she cried in mock dismay, 'why it's everything. You cannot be in earnest; it would be too cruel.'

'I am,' replied the boy, thinking that at last he had brought this young lady to the sense of her awful position, 'and I repeat again, that you must choose between us or him.'

'And supposing I had the bad taste to tell you I intended to choose my own friends, and refuse to be dictated to by any one, what then?'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'I should merely think you were too proud or too foolish to take a friendly warning.'

'Well, really,' exclaimed Muriel reddening, 'you're pretty out-spoken, Mr. Tritton, but there must be some very good reason why I should not know Mr. Lathom, as you are all so down on him and me,' with a little tremble in her voice. 'Mr. West wouldn't have told him to come here if it had been anything very dreadful.'

'Oh, West! he is so good-natured, and he used to be Lathom's greatest friend.'

'Used to be! and is he not now?' she asked. 'How can anyone cease to be a friend whatever his friend may have done, especially if he be in trouble?'

'You talk like a girl,' said Tritton in a voice of scorn.

'May be,' she answered with a flash of her eyes, 'but though I am a girl I doubt if I should throw over a friend like Mr. West seems to have done, or jump on him when down, as you seem inclined to do.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Tritton, almost losing his temper and his manners at this reversal of the attack, when

he had only meant to give disinterested advice. 'Don't spare me; tell West I've taken away his character, and abuse me for doing my best to get you out of an undesirable friendship.'

'Well, what is it this black sheep has done?' she asked. 'Tell me and leave me to judge.'

'I can't tell you.'

'Then I'll ask Mr. Lathom himself.'

'You'd do that!' he exclaimed, open eyed.

'Why not? I know he's too truthful to tell a falsehood, and I think—I'm nearly sure—he will tell me,' and as she spoke her tones became slower and more thoughtful, while a look of softness and pity seemed to extinguish the flash of those brown eyes which had been so lately directed towards the unfortunate Tritton.

'Then,' said that youth with conviction, 'when he has told you you will give him up.'

'We will see,' was the answer, 'though I doubt it, for as I told you just now, girls don't give up their friends as easily as some people do.'

'Well, here's a coincidence,' suddenly said her visitor, ignoring this last innuendo as he turned to see whose was the approaching footstep, and catching sight of Lathom's tall form coming towards them across the grass; 'now ask him, if you dare! I am off.' And with that he rose to go.

'Very well, and I intend to ask him,' answered Muriel demurely, 'and I'll tell you whether I give him up when I see you at your dance on board to-morrow.'

'Oh, yes, and you'll dance with me, won't you?' he asked.

'If I can spare any from Mr. Lathom,' she said laughing. 'Now good-bye!' and turning towards Charlie as he approached, she welcomed him warmly and bade him take a seat in that pretty little pavilion, overhanging the sea, where she now was.

'I have been talking to your mother,' said Charlie, 'and when I began to bore her, she sent me out here.'

'I don't expect you bored her,' said Muriel, 'for you are a great favourite of hers, she is so——' and the girl blushed as she stopped abruptly.

‘So sorry for me,’ put in Charlie quickly, ‘that is what you were going to say, is it not?’

She nodded.

‘Ah!’ he said, ‘I was afraid so. I doubt if any one will like me again. If I think any one does, it is sure to turn out to be pity. I suppose you pity me too?’ he went on rather fiercely.

‘Well, and if I do, is it not only natural?’ she replied, undaunted by his manner; ‘you seem so alone and friendless, and sometimes you look so sad.’

‘I am alone, but I thought I was not friendless. I believed you were a friend,’ and he looked at her as he spoke.

‘So I am, but can’t a friend pity? You have no idea what a friend I am,’ she continued in a lighter tone. ‘Why, I have been as good as told that I must choose between the whole of the midshipmen and you, and when I said I should certainly choose you, I was supposed to be chaffing.’

‘Did you say that?’ he asked eagerly. ‘How good of you! but I must not let you give up your friends for me.’

‘Nonsense! I can manage my own affairs, and if they don’t like my ways they must go somewhere else; a lot of ill-natured children, that’s what they are.’

Charlie laughed.

‘Tell them that,’ he said.

‘So I have, scores of times; but,’ she added, looking away across the water, ‘will you tell *me* something? *You* won’t be an ill-natured child, will you?’

‘I hope not,’ he said.

‘Perhaps you will think me impertinent and prying, but I cannot help it. Will you tell me why it is they dislike you so?’

Charlie gave a short laugh. ‘Oh, I don’t know; I’m not nice, I suppose?’

‘You are nice enough,’ she said with conviction. ‘It is not that; it’s something you have or are supposed to have done. I am a true friend of yours, as you know, and

if you told me I might perhaps help you,' and her voice had a little quaver in it as though she too felt this trouble that oppressed him, and would like to help him bear it.

'Well,' said Charlie with an effort, and the colour of shame mounting to his cheeks as he spoke, 'it is this; they say I ran away, and they have sent me to Coventry.'

'Ran away?'

'Yes, faked; left a friend in danger and ran away to save myself.'

This he said with an intonation of such ludicrous scorn that for one moment the girl looked at him in amaze, and then suddenly bursting forth into a peal of silvery laughter, this young lady leant back in her chair and laughed as though she could never cease. Such laughter Charlie had seldom heard, such merry mirth as made that little pavilion ring with the joyful sound. He looked at her in speechless wonder, and then he smiled; and as she still laughed on, the more so at the wonder in his eyes, he too caught the contagion, and in a moment more was laughing as though his grave sad smile had at length broken forth from all control—laughed as he had never thought to laugh again. This was the result of his great confession, and in that little summer-house these two young people made the echoes ring with their happy, merry laughter. Presently Muriel with an effort controlled herself, and, her voice still shaking, said:

'Forgive me, but it's so absurd—you ran away—oh, the idea is ridiculous!'

'Thank you,' answered Charlie, recovering from his unwonted exercise and once more looking almost grave.

'Tell me about it,' she said imperiously; 'you didn't run away, of course?'

'No.'

'Well, why do they believe it?'

'I must tell you no more,' he said, 'and I must ask you not to mention this matter to any of the others.'

'Why not?'

'Because it is absolutely necessary that you should not.'

‘Very well, then, though I cannot see what is your motive in not clearing yourself if you can, for you could, couldn’t you?’

Charlie was silent.

‘Silence gives consent,’ she exclaimed; ‘you could clear yourself, but you will not. Let me think,’ continued the girl, and she paused. ‘I have it, Mr. Lathom,’ she cried exultingly, after a brief silence, ‘I have your secret now, I’ve guessed it all; and oh! if I have guessed it right, how noble you are!’

‘What do you guess?’ he asked in a low tone, the light coming to his eyes.

‘That you do not clear yourself because it would be disgrace to another. You are suffering for someone else; have I not guessed aright?’

Charlie bent his head and said nothing.

‘Oh, Mr. Lathom,’ the girl said falteringly, ‘you are a hero! *They* are not fit to address you, and they told me to choose between them and you. I cannot tell you what I think, but let me shake your hand.’

‘Don’t,’ said Charlie faintly, as she took it; ‘I cannot bear kindness, I’m not used to it. To think of any one believing in me like this, unasked, and above all people you; but don’t say any more,’ he added quickly—‘I can’t talk of it.’

‘Very well,’ she answered kindly, ‘let us come in now. Mr. Lathom, I honour and admire you. Not one among your messmates is worthy of this sacrifice; but you know best, and I will not presume to give advice; but I am and always shall be your friend, and to-morrow if you will let me I will show the others that I have chosen you, not them.’

‘You will never tell any one I told?’ he asked.

‘You told me nothing. I guessed, and I defied you to deny it.’

‘That is true; I could not tell a lie.’

For the second time when Charlie Lathom walked away from that house he felt as if a load had been lifted from his mind. Now he felt as he had done in the old

days before he landed at Malta that last fatal time. What was this new happiness that filled his life? Someone had believed in him, someone who had crossed his clouded path like a sunbeam, someone who had scouted it as preposterous that he should be capable of doing anything dishonourable or mean, and who, without one moment's hesitation, had given him her trust and belief. And so he went rejoicing on his way, and when asleep in his hammock that night there came to him dreams of angels, in which Miss Muriel Brune played a most conspicuous part.

CHAPTER XI.

A DANCE ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP.

THE next afternoon there took place one of the fortnightly dances on board of the flag-ship. This was an event of no small importance in the eyes of Sydney society. These afternoons on board the great ironclad were very generally enjoyed, and it was a pretty sight too to watch that crowd of young and happy faces disporting itself upon this grim floating fortress. And it was strange also to observe the freedom and absence of formality in a place where discipline and ceremony so usually reigned supreme. On these occasions the strict rules and unalterable etiquette were temporarily set aside, the young officers would conduct their friends to the holy of holies of each particular department, while a midshipman might be seen entertaining his partner in the very quarters of the Admiral himself. A few flags can very soon impart an air of gaiety to the scene, and thus the men's hammocks ranged all round the decks as sofas and divans, covered with the brightest of bunting, which looked brilliant in the afternoon sun, made the decks appear both comfortable and gay.

Seated upon one of these most luxurious seats were Miss Brune and Charlie Lathom. When Muriel had come on board she had been surrounded by a crowd of eager

admirers all clamouring for a dance. To each she had given one quite low down on the list, which favour was accepted with scant gratitude by her youthful friends, as they wondered who the fellow was that she was keeping those other dances for. It was soon apparent that it had been for Lathom that she had been waiting, for she had danced the first dance with him, and the next and the next, in the most conspicuous manner. As for Charlie, he looked so happy and beaming that his messmates scarcely knew him, nor could they altogether wonder at the choice of the girl. Later on came Tritton's turn, and after having waltzed twice round the deck he began the conversation by saying:

‘Well, did you worm Lathom’s secret out of him?’

‘I asked him what it was that he had done,’ she said, ‘and he told me.’

‘He told you?’

‘Yes, he told me that he had run away.’

‘Did he, really? And what did you say?’

‘I said nothing, I only laughed.’

‘You laughed,’ said Tritton in amaze, ‘and what did he say to that?’

‘Oh, he laughed too.’

‘Well, that beats everything,’ exclaimed her partner, ‘and do you still think it a laughing matter?’

‘I do,’ she answered. ‘If he had really run away, and, as he said, left his friend in the lurch, it would indeed be no laughing matter, but knowing Mr. Lathom as I do, the idea is too ridiculous to think of without a smile.’

‘Oh,’ he said with a sort of gasp, as though this were something altogether too deep for his mind to fathom, ‘then you don’t believe it?’

‘No, I don’t.’

‘Well, I can’t understand you,’ he replied candidly enough, ‘let us come and dance,’ and thus Tritton abandoned a problem he was unable to solve.

Later on Muriel, still haunted by this matter which she could not get out of her head, and thinking in her vanity perhaps that it was destined for her to set things

right, determined to try her hand at pumping Mr. West. Accordingly, when that young gentleman had taken her out on to the stern walk that ran round the Admiral's quarters, and settled her in a comfortable arm-chair, she began the operation by asking him if it was true that he never spoke to Mr. Lathom.

'Not often,' answered Johnny with some surprise in his merry glance, 'but what on earth makes you ask that? Has Lathom been bemoaning his lonely fate, or anything?'

'Mr. Lathom? oh, no! but I have noticed he seemed unpopular, and I rather wanted to know whether you shared the general sentiments about him.'

'I believe I am pretty civil to him,' he said; then with an outburst of youthful jealousy, 'perhaps you'd better ask him yourself whether I behave pretty to him or not, as you've been dancing with him all the time, and are probably going to do it again.'

'Really!' answered Muriel with a touch of scorn, 'do you think he would say anything against you?'

'No, I don't; there now,' he said, looking at her; 'I know that Lathom is a downright good fellow, who would never say a word against any one behind their backs.'

'Well, that is rather clever of you,' replied the young lady kindly; 'I did not imagine you could see so far into any one's character as that.'

'Thank you,' he said mockingly; 'after that compliment we'd better go and have another dance.'

'No; I am not ready yet,' she replied hastily, for indeed she had not nearly done with her prey yet.

'What do you think I did yesterday?' she went on. 'I asked Mr. Lathom why you all cut him, and what it was he had done.'

'By Jove! no, you didn't,' said Johnny, his face all aglow with interest and looking at the girl in amazement. 'Well, you are curious. Whatever did the poor fellow say—did he—did he tell you?'

'He told me an untruth.'

'Oh, did he?' said Johnny looking rather relieved; 'what's that about asking questions and getting told

what isn't true? Perhaps it served you right,' he added slyly, 'but what was this particular whopper like—what did he tell you?'

'He told me,' she answered with a laugh, 'that he had left a friend in the lurch and run away.'

'And why do you call that an untruth?' said Johnny, rather red and beginning to feel a tinge of discomfort.

'Because Mr. Lathom would no more run away and leave a friend in the lurch than would the bravest man living.'

'But if he told you,' said Johnny, with a lame attempt at argument, 'surely he ought to know;' then adding, 'do you think he would quite approve of your going talking about him and his affairs to everybody?'

'I was talking about this to you, Mr. West, and quite confidentially. I am so sorry for Mr. Lathom; he seems so sad, and I have often thought what a nice thing it would be if I could get to the bottom of this mystery, and make you all like him again, and as you are so good-natured I thought that perhaps you would help me.'

'I!' exclaimed Johnny in dismay, 'I can do nothing, and really, Miss Muriel, I think you are undertaking things too deep for you. You can only make matters worse, and if you go putting your finger in this pie you will only end by getting Lathom more disliked than he is at present, for people will think that he has been making his moan to you.'

'Let them think what they like,' she said reddening; 'if they are unjust in one instance, why should they not be so equally in another? But perhaps,' she went on, regaining her composure, 'perhaps you are right, Mr. West, and I had better let things alone. There is only one question I want to ask you, and then I will promise never to allude to this affair again.'

'Well, what is it?' said Johnny, 'and then let us change the subject.'

'All I want to know is this,' began the girl; 'I will never tell any one I know, not even Mr. Lathom, though the subject is not likely to come up again between us. I want to know, from pure curiosity simply, the name of

the friend whom Mr. Lathom is supposed to have left in the lurch when he ran away.'

'Oh!' said Johnny with a little gasp, 'that *is* curiosity!'

'I am waiting,' she said deliberately, 'and I will not budge from here until you have answered me.'

'If you must know,' he said with an angry light in his winsome eyes, that had he but known it spoilt his beauty entirely, 'his name was West, John West, at your service,' and he bowed as he rose and offered his arm to escort her back to where the music was playing on deck.

'West?' she said in a sort of dreamy way, looking out to sea without observing the outstretched arm. 'West! oh, how very odd,' and then she laughed, such a little hard laugh as she turned to look at Johnny, that that individual almost felt as though he should like to push her over into the sea, at which she seemed so fond of staring.

'You always seem amused in the wrong places,' he said, but she did not answer, and when they had reached the deck, allowed her partner to put his arm round her and lead her into the midst of the dancers like one in a dream. When the music ceased she said:

'Thank you, Mr. West, I am rather tired, so will you please take me back to my mother?' But tired or not, Muriel managed to dance the next dance with Lathom, and very happy she looked. She was a good dancer, and what is less common, looked well dancing.

'I have a piece of news to tell you,' he said; 'it is only just out. We are to go to the islands in a day or two; some people have been killed, or one of them, by the natives, and the Admiral wants to inquire into it himself and direct the punishment of the offenders.'

'Oh, I am so sorry.'

'Don't say that,' said Charlie, 'for though it does not sound gallant to say so, I am glad. There may be some fighting, and who knows but what I may have a chance of showing that I do not always run away?'

'Poor boy,' she whispered softly, 'but don't be rash, will you, for my sake?'

‘I will be careful for your sake,’ he answered gently, ‘for I think you really like me a little.’

‘Of course I do,’ she replied in her everyday tones.

‘But tell me,’ he went on, ‘you would like to hear that I had done well?’

‘Nothing,’ she said with deliberation, ‘could possibly afford me such pleasure.’

‘Thank you! I feel as if I longed for a real good fight now.’

There was little time for more conversation. The boats were beginning their return trips, and a deal of bustle and confusion prevailed on board. Everyone was busy looking for their belongings, and each individual seemed to fear that he or she might be left behind. There was a hunting for hats and cloaks, a rushing to and fro, a shaking of hands, a sound as of everyone talking at once, which indeed they almost were, and in a brief space of time the last boat-load had pushed off and life on board of H.M.S. ‘Victoria’ returned once more to its everyday routine.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISLANDS.

IN a few days the flagship steamed out of the Heads *en route* for her island cruise. As the great vessel passed slowly and majestically down the harbour, on every side of her beautiful houses with green lawns and gardens sloping towards the sea, she was the centre of a hundred good-byes. Handkerchiefs, towels, and even coloured carpets or flags were waved from each successive balcony or lawn, and on board the ship, in responsive farewell, each individual who had leisure to do so, kept his glasses fixed upon that particular spot on which he had promised his last looks should rest. As may be imagined, the eyes of the gun-room officers were directed mainly towards Rose Bay, at the point where Muriel had promised to wave

good-bye. And standing at his post Lathom saw her, his good star, as he thought, a vision of white in that little flower-covered summer-house he knew so well. She stood there waving her handkerchief in a general adieu, but he knew, or thought he knew, that that farewell was intended for himself alone. Nor was he wrong. This young man with the grave face and strong character had captivated Muriel's hitherto very impartial affections. He had begun by awakening interest, a feeling which had gradually developed into something much akin to love. He realised her girlish ideas of romance, and the fact that she alone knew his secret, and was allowed to know how much that was noble lay hid beneath that impenetrable exterior, was a source of wonder and delight to her, and it gave her a pang of real anguish to think of him going off to those horrid islands where people got fevers and things; but—here her eyes glowed as she caught the sound of the band now playing on board of the passing ship—perhaps there might be some fighting and he might come back covered with glory. 'Covered with poisoned arrows, more likely,' she answered herself rather bitterly, as the martial strains waxed fainter in the distance, and a dinness came over the glasses and made the huge vessel seem a blur upon the sea; 'that is not fighting with those treacherous savages, who hide behind the bushes and spear their foes while they themselves are out of sight.' On the great ship steamed. Rose Bay was passed now, other houses were in sight and other figures waving; the band was striking up 'The girls we left behind us,' the Heads were rounded, and the 'Victoria' was fairly at sea. It was the old story. Some natives of one of the South Sea Islands, to avenge themselves for some ill-usage at the hands of a white man, had taken vengeance on the next people of his colour whom they had met. These natives do not reason, or rather do not discriminate. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is their law, but it is immaterial to them whether the eye or the tooth that is to be forfeited belongs to the person who has caused their ire or to some totally different person of the same coloured skin.

It is only the other day that a white man promised a Polynesian native, then serving his time in Fiji, a shilling if he would carry his bag. Arrived at his journey's end the white man took his bag, and dismissed the unfortunate native who had relied upon his word with a kick. Whereupon the recipient of this treatment set up a howl of rage, declaring in his wrath that, give him time, he would be even with this white man yet. Upon being asked how he intended to arrive at this desirable consummation, he announced it as his intention, on his return to his own island, to kill the first white man he met. And this threat he doubtless carried into execution at some future time, and thus some wholly innocent man suffered for another's sin. This kind of thing happens often, and the loss of many noble lives might be traced to the same paltry causes. In the present instance a labour-ship had visited a certain island, and by means of exciting the curiosity of the natives, and with presents, had enticed many of them on board. When sufficient had been collected, they were induced to go below. The hatches were then clapped on, and, getting under way, the schooner was soon far beyond pursuit, with the living cargo which she had stolen. Some months afterwards an English gunboat had arrived, and in all good faith landing, the officers and men, deceived by the friendliness of the natives, proceeded to make themselves at home. They went out shooting and bathed upon the beach. While bathing they were attacked by those who had pretended to be their friends, and three of their number, unable to escape, were foully murdered out of revenge, though, poor fellows! they knew not the reason of this onslaught. Subsequently two of the murderers had been captured and brought off to the ship. They had been conveyed to Sydney and awaited trial. Chained up down below, they seemed to wonder why they were not immediately despatched. To be in the power of an enemy and yet to remain alive was something entirely beyond their understanding. The Admiral had wished to arrange this matter himself. Before settling down into his new life at Sydney,

he had resolved to visit the islands, and make himself personally acquainted with the ways and habits of these savages, and thus, instead of sending another ship to adjudicate upon the present occasion, he determined to go himself.

It was not long before the flagship made the island for which she was bound, and as they approached the officers on the bridge could see that their appearance was making a considerable stir. All along the shore natives were running at the utmost speed, as though to warn one another of the approach of this big ship, the like of which they never could have imagined. At sunset the 'Victoria' came to anchor inside the reef. The natives were seen congregating in great numbers upon the beach, and for fear of any venturing to come off to the ship unobserved in the darkness, though it was scarcely likely they would be so bold, the electric light was turned on to them, which, probably taken to be the eye of the evil one, as one of these islanders once explained as their belief, had the effect of scattering them in all directions, and gesticulating wildly they ran to and fro, intent only upon hiding themselves in the bush in the extremity of their fear. The next morning saw them all gathered again upon the beach, and they made signs as though they would be friendly. One of the captive murderers was brought up from below, and by means of interpreters it was explained that it was required of him to point out those who had been his partners in the recent crime. A boat was launched and started for shore, but as it neared the land its approach was greeted with a volley of spears, and then the whole crowd rushed scampering away into the bush. The boat was recalled, and the Admiral, seeing the hopelessness of settling the matter thus off-hand upon the beach, was, much against his will, obliged to determine that a small expedition must be sent into the bush, to capture if possible the murderers, and, failing that, set fire to and destroy the villages by way of punishment.

Accordingly two armed boats' crews were got ready, each under the command of a lieutenant and the two senior

midshipmen, who were Lathom and West. The former was in an ecstasy of excitement. At last he might get a chance of showing what he was made of, and he fingered his dirk nervously, as though longing to draw it and begin the work of bloodshed at once. West was no less excited. The prospect of a fight, in company with others to back him up, was in no way distasteful to him. In the company of others it is so easy to be brave, at least so he told himself; it was only when one had time to think about it and the fight was a cold-blooded affair that his curse of faint-heartedness fell upon him. And so his eyes sparkled, and the colour was bright on his cheeks, his step was firm, and his tongue spoke brave words of the scalps he meant to bring back to adorn the gun-room walls.

At this moment Johnny West looked the very picture of health and strength, and it was often that his messmates recalled to each other that cheery laugh as he went from the gun-room to take his seat in the boat.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BRUSH WITH THE NATIVES.

ON landing not a soul was in sight and the order was given to advance. The captive native was placed in front, and it was explained to him that he would be shot did he lead them into an ambuscade. At the opening of the bush a halt was made, and then, after a brief consultation between the senior officers, the order to advance was given. At this point there were tracks through the bush and progress was comparatively easy. A village was reached. On examination it proved to be absolutely empty. The inhabitants had fled. By order of the officer in command it was set on fire, and in a brief space reduced to ashes. On they went to another village; it too was deserted, and the same orders for destruction were given and carried out. The way to the next village, or rather the way that their guide took them, was through a thick

almost impenetrable bush. Cautiously and with infinite toil this little band started, making their way as best they could, but it soon became apparent to the officer in charge that their route was an impracticable one. He could no longer advance his men through such dense jungle. A halt was called, and the men assembled together as well as they could. It was decided to turn back, and the party had just started upon their return when a frightful yell arose on all sides, and the air seemed full of spears. The natives, though concealed by the undergrowth, were close at hand. The first struck by the missiles of the hidden enemy was the native guide, who, by a just providence, was singled out for death. The spear pierced his heart, and he fell killed by his own people. Two blue-jackets were slightly wounded; the other weapons had flown harmlessly by. A volley was fired at the invisible foe, and another yell proved that it was not without its effect; and then orders were given to retreat. Each man had to cut his own way and look about him as well as he could for some possible hidden enemy. When the burning village was once more reached, a halt was made for the stragglers to come up. They were all there with the exception of West and one blue-jacket. Presently this man came limping through the bush. He was wounded, and there was a scared look upon his face.

‘Where’s Mr. West?’ shouted the officer in command.

‘Oh, sir,’ said the man, half crying, ‘he’s gone; those devils have killed him.’

‘What do you mean?’ questioned the officer, turning pale.

‘I saw him fall, sir, and in trying to go to his aid I got speared myself, and was obliged to leave him.’

‘Was he dead?’

‘I think so, sir.’

‘Well, lads, we must bring him back, dead or alive; right-about turn. The wounded stay here in charge of Mr. Straight and three men.’

And with a rush the little body dashed to the rescue

through the thick bush. Poor Charlie could scarcely see for grief and rage—grief for his friend and rage with these savages who had taken him. Oh! if they did not find him in time, or if he should be dead already—and he almost choked at the thought. Why was Johnny the one to go while he himself was left? To Charlie his own life seemed of small value beside that of his friend, and the thought that that bright face might perhaps smile no more was indeed a bitter one; and cutting his way through the bush he toiled on like a madman. But all in vain; though this must have been about the spot where his friend was seen to fall, there were no signs of his presence. After an hour's painful progress another volley of spears showed that they were once more surrounded by a hidden enemy. The lieutenant and two of his men were wounded, but still the brave fellow led them on.

'Kill every cowardly skulking devil you meet, men,' he cried, his blood thoroughly roused at these unseen attacks, and his men indeed required small encouragement. But the task they had to perform was a hopeless one, for still those hidden foes sent spear after spear into the midst of that devoted band struggling so helplessly along in the tangled bush, and there were few who had escaped unhurt.

The lieutenant now perceived that he was only exposing his men to useless slaughter. For himself, he would have gone on till he had dropped; never would he desert a comrade in such a case. If alive he must be rescued, if dead his body recovered; but it was his duty not to sacrifice the lives of the men under his charge, and for the sake too of one who might be already dead. A halt was called, and once more the order for retreat given, and slowly and miserably this gallant band, who would have gladly fought against any odds in a stand-up fight, were obliged to retreat before an unseen foe. Exhausted with heat and suffering from wounds, they rejoined those others who were awaiting them at the burning village. They were all there but one. This time the other midshipman, Lathom, was absent.

‘Good God! has he gone too?’ exclaimed the lieutenant. ‘Who saw him fall?’

‘He was right ahead of us, sir, when the order to retreat was given, and I shouted to him to stop,’ answered one of the men. ‘He stood still and heard the order given, and when I looked at him again he had turned very pale, and I heard him say something, it sounded like an oath, or a prayer maybe, sir, and then he nipped out of sight. I thought he had gone after something and then would follow us, for he had heard the order, sir, and I fancied afterwards that he was coming up behind.’

‘He heard the order, you say?’

‘That, sir, I am sure of.’

‘Then his blood be upon his own head,’ said the lieutenant, ‘for it was his duty to return with me and help me bring the men back; we cannot go back for him.’

‘Please, sir,’ said one of the men, ‘may we volunteer to go back and look for him?’

‘No,’ answered the commanding officer, ‘we must go on board. If Mr. Lathom has met with any of the enemy by this time he is dead. If by any miracle he escapes, we shall find him later on, when the Admiral sends a fresh expedition on shore.’

The unfortunate party reached the beach without further mishap, and in due time were once again on board, where the hurts of the wounded were attended to. As may be supposed, there was general grief at the loss of two such promising young officers. A gloom was over the gun-room. The light of the mess seemed to have gone out with the departure of Johnny West.

Another expedition on a large scale was immediately despatched, and there was no mistaking this time that the members of it meant to rescue or avenge. The force scoured the island; every village was razed to the ground, but there was nowhere a trace of life. They passed the spot where West had disappeared, and where Lathom had been last seen, but no vestige of either was there. The bush was set alight or hewn down, and a way made for the advancing force. It was a hard afternoon’s work.

At night they camped out, a strict watch guarding against surprise. In the morning the search was renewed. The most sanguine now had no hope. It was scarcely likely that either of the midshipmen could be alive. There was much speculation as to Lathom's conduct. Why had he gone on like that against orders? The blue-jacket who had last seen him was reinterviewed, and he gave it as his impression that Mr. Lathom was half off his head at the loss of Mr. West, and that, his heart set upon finding him, the order to retreat had upset him altogether. In fact, he thought he had caught the word 'Murder' as he heard him speak before turning round and continuing his scramble through the bush. It was thus generally concluded that in reality his mind had somehow become unhinged, and the mad idea presented itself to him to continue the search alone. It seemed, indeed, wonderful that even in such an event Lathom should have had such pluck, and the oracles of the gun-room discussed the matter over and over again; but nothing they could suggest had any power to elucidate the mystery.

On the second day the avenging force swept over the island, and boats cruised round it, but there was not the slightest sign of human life. It was concluded at length that the natives must have left at night *en masse* in their canoes, taking the bodies of their victims with them. The neighbouring islands to which they might have gone were searched with a like result, or rather an equally fruitless result; for though there were natives upon these islands, they appeared of a different race, and were evidently entirely ignorant of the meaning of this visit.

At length, fearful for the safety of the wounded men in that unhealthy climate, there was nothing for the Admiral to do but accept the inevitable, and order the ship's course to be shaped for Sydney once more. Before the anchor was weighed a party went ashore for a final visit, and the heavy-hearted naval instructor read the funeral service over the spot where the two boys had last been seen, while their sorrowing shipmates stood bare-headed in the sun; and having thus done all that men

could do the party went back to the ship, wondering how they should break the mournful tidings on arrival at Sydney. It was a sad time, and when the island faded in the distance there was more than one eye wet as it looked its last upon that ill-fated shore.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RASH ATTEMPT.

IT was true Charlie had heard the order to retreat, but only as though in a dream. His blood was boiling, and he seemed unable to contain himself from passion and grief. Heat and fatigue were unfelt by him as he tore his way through the undergrowth, his mind all set upon the recovery of his friend. 'Johnny was missing! Johnny was missing!' rang in his ears, and his senses could present no other idea to his brain. 'I will save him,' he kept on saying to himself, as though in answer to the cry which seemed to fill the air, and then with lips compressed he evidently prevented himself with difficulty from shouting aloud in his rage. There is no doubt that for the moment excitement and grief had taken him out of himself; his quiet nature appeared transformed, a transformation all the greater by reason of the outward calm which this torrent of emotion had forced aside. Charlie Lathom, an ordinarily quiet, grave youth, was by grief turned into a fierce animal, thirsting for blood and vengeance. His eyes were starting from his head, his nostrils distended, and his body unconscious of sensation. He was wild for vengeance, he would revel in bloodshed. All the animal passions that exist in man, and are only kept under by education, were now rushing to the surface, and his body was as drunk with passion as ever a brain could be with wine. It had never occurred to Charlie that the expedition could stop, for he never even thought of the danger which to him and others was so imminent; he simply toiled on madly, muttering vengeance in incoherent words. When

the order to retreat came it merely sounded to his pre-occupied ears like any other word, but when he at last became aware that the others were turning back, then the fact dawned upon him that the search was to be abandoned.

'It is murder to retreat,' he hissed, as the thought of what poor Johnny might at this moment be suffering darted through his mind. It was impossible to obey this order and retreat, for rather would he die than be haunted all his life by the knowledge that he had deserted his friend; it never once occurred to him that the friend might already be dead. He could never face those at home who had loved him. How should he say that he turned back because he was told to do so? 'A pretty story,' he said aloud, with a laugh. 'I think I'll go on all the same.' The mind of this young man was temporarily unhinged, he could not reason like an ordinary being. No one can tell what any individual will do at a crisis. Some lose their heads, others show great presence of mind. We all hope that in a supreme moment we may do the right thing, but no one can be certain of himself. We might almost as soon predict what we would do in a dream. Thus some men are brave while others run away. But sometimes a blow may fall so suddenly that the brain is stunned, and the chief actor in the scene temporarily deprived of all responsibility for his actions; the man is no longer a sane individual, and whether he fights or whether he runs away is settled by a power over which his own brain has no control. At this moment Charlie Lathom was a monomaniac. The heat was beating fiercely upon him, his body was deadly weary, but his mind held but one idea, one thought, 'Johnny is missing!' and therefore, muttering 'Retreat? 'tis murder!' without a moment's further thought the poor distraught youth, like the madman he was, turned again and plunged forward into the bush alone. On he went, tumbling, scrambling, and tearing through the obstacles which beset his path. There was even no method in his wild career. How could he find his friend in that tangled bush? what could

he do if he did find him? But, as can be supposed, he neither asked nor attempted to answer these questions. Johnny had disappeared on that island, and he would look for him. Continuing his toilsome journey, curiously unmolested and meeting no one, he went heedlessly on. How long he had travelled thus, or how far, he never knew, but presently progress was more easy and the bush appeared less dense, while the light was increasing at every step, till before very long, torn and bleeding, with his uniform in tatters, he emerged upon an open space. Wildly he looked around as though still dazed and vague as to his course of action, and was just about to rush out into the open space beyond for the mere sake of going on, when his eye perceived something black in the distance. At this first sight of something besides bushes and trees, his senses seemed to return to him. He crouched down now with caution and looked. It was a body of natives running with even step, and if his eyes did not betray him they were carrying something. It looked at that distance like a litter of some sort, but before he could distinguish what it was they were almost out of sight. On the other side of this curiously open plain the bush seemed to begin again as suddenly as it ended here. The natives with their burden were close to it now, and in a second that dense blackness through which no eye could see had swallowed them up; the plain was empty, and so swiftly had that party of natives disappeared that what Charlie had seen might almost have been a vision. But he knew it was no vision. Not for one moment did he doubt but that this burden was his lost friend, and that the natives were hurrying off with their prize to some place of concealment or safety. His heart leapt at the thought. Poor Johnny! how he must suffer; think of his agony of mind; for it never presented itself to Lathom that what he had seen might be the corpse of his friend. 'He is alone among savages and carried off by them alive! the idea is too horrible. I may not be able to save him,' continued Charlie in his thoughts, 'but if I am there too it may help him, and death will come less terribly to

him if I am with him to share his fate.' The madness which had possessed him was loosening its hold, the position in which he stood was opening itself before him clearly. He saw now what he had done ; what he proposed to do, though vague as to details, was fixed. His mess-mate was being carried off to a horrible death ; he would try to save him single-handed ; it was scarcely likely such could be possible, and failing that he would share his fate. And as he thought thus, that devilish look faded from his eyes for the moment, giving place to an expression so tender that one might have wondered how such a gentle exterior could conceal so brave a heart. But that look of softness was very transient ; it was soon ousted by one of cool determination, as, crouching down till the last figure had vanished, Charlie waited. He marked the point in the bush where the natives had entered with their burden, between two tall palms. At that distance it looked a small black hole, and then walking cautiously, revolver in hand, he started across the plain.

CHAPTER XV.

A NATIVE HIDING-PLACE.

IN about a quarter of an hour he reached the edge of the bush, and then passing between the two palms he entered it. The track was fairly broad and very good going. There was no sound, nor any signs of natives. Evidently they were well contented with their day's work, and were making off as best they could to their place of safety, wherever it was, one doubtless which an expedition from the ship could easily discover. Nature was now reasserting herself, and Charlie felt almost overcome with fatigue and thirst. The track went upwards too, and he seemed to be mounting a hill of no inconsiderable height ; great boulders were all round, indicating that this was volcanic land. Every now and again he was forced to climb over some of these rocks, which apparently the makers of the

path had been unable to remove. On he went, surmounting these obstacles ; each one bringing him nearer to his fate. At length the increase of light betokened that he was indeed near to the end of his journey, and that it behoved him to proceed with greater caution. Now he arrived at one huge rock right in his path, and painfully dragged himself on to its summit as well as he was able, and was about to descend as usual on the other side, when, to his horror, on looking down his eyes rested upon space, till below, miles and miles it seemed, there lay the sea. He was on the edge of a precipice, and had he not been looking cautiously ahead, in another moment he would have fallen right over into that awful abyss below. Charlie's brain turned dizzy, and he felt sick at this sudden revealing of a danger he had little expected, and it was some moments before he could collect himself sufficiently to realise what had happened. Surely, he thought, he could not have mistaken the path ; where could the natives have vanished to ? Then, as he sat on the top of this immense rock, from the summit of which he had nearly met his death, he perceived that on either side at right angles ran a narrow track, apparently along the brink of the precipice. Climbing down again, he chose the path to the left as seeming the most trodden of the two, and proceeded to crawl cautiously along upon his hands and knees—the track was so very narrow, and for all he knew there might be another precipice yawning ahead. As he progressed in this strange fashion his heart beat loudly, and his mind was full of dread lest he might after all be on the wrong scent, and arrive too late either to rescue or comfort his friend. Suddenly, as he went creeping onwards, he paused ; a sound had reached him ; a sound of voices, faint, indeed, but borne towards him by the breeze, and the sound was coming up, up it seemed from the bottomless space below. The natives could not be far off ; there must be caves in the cliffs, and those must be their present place of refuge, but it puzzled Charlie how they could have got there, and his mind despaired as he wondered how he should follow. He crawled to the edge

of the cliff and looked over. There was nothing to be seen except the abutting crags covered with trees and undergrowth, and below them the bright sparkle of the sea. Stopping there to gaze was useless, so he continued his course along the narrow track, but not far, for almost immediately after the place where the first sound of voices had reached him, the track stopped as suddenly as it had done below the large rock. In front of Charlie was a yawning chasm of about forty feet broad, and on the far side the track continued again. Now the sound of voices came to him very plainly indeed, and leaning over the edge of this new precipice he listened. There was no doubt this time; the natives were there below somewhere, but how they got there he could not yet discover. It all seemed black inside, and no light whatever showed itself from the mouth of this horrible-looking pit. However, it was pretty evident that the natives had gone into it, as all around bore traces of their passage. The bushes wore a trampled look, besides which there was that odour peculiar to a native islander which it was impossible to overlook. 'If they have gone down there,' thought Charlie, 'then I can go down too. It must be shallow, for they can scarcely have descended into space;' and then placing his hands upon the edge he cautiously let his body down into the blackness. Stretching himself out to his utmost length, to his delight he found that his feet reached the ground: it *was* shallow then, after all, and he hesitated no longer. Looking upwards at the sky, as though bidding farewell to earth and light for ever, he let go, and in a second more was standing upon the ground beneath, his eyes just on a level with the mouth of the pit. Then he knelt down and began to feel about him with his hands; it was not so dark now, once his eyes became accustomed to it, and in one corner of the hole, for it was nothing else, there appeared a faint glimmer of light. Cautiously feeling his way, Charlie found what seemed a tunnel in the rock. It sloped downwards, and as he entered it and crept slowly along, the ray of light at the other end became broader and larger. The tunnel was not a very long one,

some forty yards, and Charlie was once more in the light of day, to which so short a time ago he had bidden farewell for ever. And the light revealed a curious sight. Before him stretched a sort of table-land shaped like a horseshoe, apparently jutting out from the face of the cliff. Above him were the overhanging trees which grew thickly right up to the summit of the cliff where the path had so abruptly ended, and below lay this beautiful grassy space, which was bounded on three sides by the cliffs and on the other by thick impenetrable bush, probably the edge of another cliff, or possibly the top of a decline leading down towards the sea. There was nothing to be seen, however, save the trees, the cliff, and the sky, and this camping-ground was as completely hidden and walled in as though it had been especially designed. There was nothing to show that they were upon the brink of a precipice either, save the distant muffled sounds of the sea below, beyond that deceitful belt of bush which might have been the beginning of some vast jungle forest. This was the still life, but there was other life there as well, human life, or rather native human life; for here they were in large numbers and apparently busy. The whole place resembled some gigantic ant-hill, with its inhabitants running to and fro in the seemingly aimless manner of the ant tribe. Nor was it an unnatural simile, since the men all wore tight belts, after the custom of many of these savages, which, put on in childhood and never loosened, seemed to cut the body in two, the flesh bulging out and overhanging either edge of this bandage, till the wearer might indeed have been an ant of rather large dimensions. All the natives, like the ants, seemed busy, and it was very evident that some great preparations were on foot. A large fire was burning in the centre of the village, and several attendants were carefully feeding it with fuel.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DANCE OF VICTORY.

AT first the confusion of sounds and the coming and going of this chattering crowd so dazed Charlie that he could scarcely take in the situation in its details, and as he crouched behind the rock which concealed him, it took some little time before he could realise what was taking place. Then he discovered that the men were for the most part painting themselves, as though for some great occasion, and to his horror one of these dandy warriors seated himself on the other side of his rock of shelter, almost within touch of him, and proceeded to make his toilet. To see him there so close seemed to fascinate him, and he lay watching him in an abstracted kind of way for the moment, oblivious of the extreme peril of his position. This gentleman began to decorate himself with the utmost care. First he arranged two large plumes in his upstanding hair, which was as stiff and rigid as though it had been made of wire ; then he inserted huge rings of tortoiseshell in his ears, and so great a number that their weight bore the lobes of his ears down on to his shoulders. He next bound laced armlets of shell and bone round his arms from the elbow to the wrist. Broad bands of shell were laid upon his forehead, the ends of which passed over his head and fell in festoons all down his back. He then set long necklaces of teeth about his neck and adjusted large curling tusks of pigs to hang thereon. The usual broad band almost cut his body in two, while his legs were decked in rings of coloured grass ornamented with large white shells, which jingled cheerily as he began to walk. This extraordinary toilet evidently betokened some extraordinary event, and poor Charlie shuddered involuntarily as he felt that this event was the capture and subsequent fate of a white man. Presently this noble savage, his wonderful toilet complete, went

airily off like some peacock on the move, and Charlie was able to stretch himself a little and get a better view of the scene before him. There was some centre point of interest which held its own in attraction even with the fire; all the natives kept going towards a great tree at the beginning of the bush, and Charlie could not tell what it was that drew them there. Every one, however aimless appeared their comings and goings, seemed to take a little walk out here now and again, for the purpose of adding their individual mite to the ceaseless jabber of tongues. And though the other crowds were fussing and talking, they were as nothing compared with the fuss that went on in the neighbourhood of the tree.

Straining his eyes, Charlie gazed intently in the endeavour to discover what was the object of so much interest in that particular spot. Was it possible, he wondered, if that object of interest could be the object upon which all his hopes and all his thoughts were fixed? A moment more and he saw that it was, nor can we tell whether it was with joy or terrible grief that he at length made out in the distance the face of a white man, standing out clearly from the dark background beyond. In that white face he recognised his friend. Poor Johnny! it was indeed he, alive or dead, which, he could not tell; bound tightly to a tree, his face towards the encampment of his captors, whose horrible preparations he was thus, if alive, bound to watch. His eyes were closed and his face quite deathly pale. In the tree, all around and close to his head, almost touching him, was a framework of arrows and spears that had been stuck into the bark, just missing his flesh, placed there with refined cruelty to warn him of his inevitable fate. None of these had pierced his body, Charlie could see that from their cunning arrangement, and thus there remained a chance of the poor captive being alive. It is useless to dwell upon this horrible scene or the feelings of the devoted friend whose heart was being lacerated as he looked, for there is no suffering like being compelled to remain helpless and watch the sufferings of anyone we love. Charlie's heart

sank within him ; it had seemed so easy to follow and endeavour to rescue his friend, and now that the supreme moment had arrived, what could he do ? how helpless he was ! His first impulse was to rush, revolver in hand, towards the tree and see if his friend were alive ; but luckily he retained sufficient presence of mind to restrain himself from such a fatal step. That he could always reserve for a last resource, and, when all hope was abandoned, place himself beside the captive, and if he were still alive, let them both escape torture by dying by his hand. At present there was nothing to do but lie still and wait, yet it was weary waiting, as it seemed that nothing short of a miracle would enable a way of escape to present itself. Thus time went by, and stiff, sore, and weary, Charlie still crouched there gazing wistfully and miserably upon that pale face yonder. Johnny was alive, he had discovered that ; but, poor fellow ! he almost wished that he were dead. He had opened his eyes some time since ; he could not move, of course, but his features were strangely quiet, and there was a look of dull despair in those once so merry eyes, that it would have haunted many a brave man to see. He made no sound. Johnny, who all his life had fought against his want of pluck, was now in such a desperate case, whence there was no escape but death, that involuntarily he was meeting it with the indifference of despair. It is only when there is a chance of escape, a ray of hope, however faint, that fear can take possession of a man ; but when all escape is impossible, and death inexorable and inevitable awaits its victim, then a coward may be even as a brave man, and no hero could have displayed a more dignified calm than that unhappy English midshipman, bound there to a tree, his face framed in a network of weapons belonging to a savage enemy intent upon his destruction. Night was drawing on, the shadows became deeper as the vast towering rocks rose black and grim before the setting sun, while the entrance to the forest might have been the yawning mouth of some loathsome pit.

Apparently all these preparations had been made for

a dance on a large scale. A great dance of war was to take place that night, and the successful warriors were to relate how they conquered the white men and took one of them away a captive. Charlie had never seen one of these dances, though like most of us he had read that such things were; and now the faint hope sprang up within him that perhaps if they danced first, before the feast, and he shuddered at his own thoughts, there might be a chance of escape in the excitement which a dance confers upon a native mind. He did not know that this was the natural order of the programme: when a native of these islands feasts he does not do so sparingly, and there is little desire remaining to him for athletic exercise after his appetite is gorged with the unwonted food of meat. It is to work themselves up to dinner pitch, and to do honour to the unaccustomed dainties which are in wait for them, that they will dance and sing till they can move their limbs no more. A white man becomes intoxicated with wine; a native South Sea Islander can get drunk on noise, and the more he shouts and the more his neighbour shouts, the more uncontrollable becomes the excitement, which seems to turn him for the nonce into some yelling demon. It was a sight indeed. Round the fire in rows closely packed, and in excellent order, as though the whole company had been drilled, were ranged these painted ants, savages, or men, if so be they must be called, all gorgeously attired according to their notions of the word. The band, consisting of some twenty men beating lahs and tom-toms, commenced their monotonous music, and at a given signal the entire crowd, as though it had received an electric shock, sprang high into the air and the dance began. It being a war dance perhaps accounted for the noise being the greatest they could make, but there was method in their din, for it seemed a kind of chant with meaning in the words. And, indeed, it was; it was in reality a kind of play which the warriors were acting all together. Each leap, each bound, each yell was in their excited imaginations the repetition of some past fight, and when with one long-drawn shriek of satisfaction the entire

company knelt upon the ground, it is to be presumed that they were re-enacting the scene of the burglar and his mother, in the person of their own enemies or relations whose bodies they had slain in war. After this terrible exercise it was not surprising that the chief actors were thirsty; nor did they thirst in vain, for some forty faithful ladies had been all this time extremely busy with the refreshments. Sitting in a circle round a large bowl they were most industriously chewing the angora root, preparatory to ejecting it into the bowl and then pouring water upon the masticated mass to knead it with their hands. This dainty drink was now almost ready, and in a short time, after the warriors were weary of making imaginary jumps upon their foes, their dusky helpmates filled cocoanut shells full of the refreshing liquid and gave their lords to drink. If the natives had been excited before from fighting fancy battles, it was as nothing to the frenzy which seemed to descend upon them now. It was as though they had been thirsting for the blood of their foes, and were now being rewarded by sipping it out of these cocoanut cups. It is well known that this beverage takes more effect upon the legs than the brain of the drinker; so much so that a person who has imbibed too much of it may be in the most perfect possession of his senses, but find himself without any control over his legs. Thus he may present the astounding spectacle of an individual who, intending to go in one direction, steps in a perfectly opposite way. It would be an amusing adjunct to an English dinner party, and the sight of a man aiming himself at the door, only to find that he is making tracks for the chimney, would be an extremely novel one. Thus the dances that ensued among the natives were less orderly and far more grotesque. The hops and bounds were executed according to the fancy of each individual dancer, while the lines appeared broken and uneven. In fact, the orderly dancing had degenerated into a saturnalia, and the savages were completely under the influence of the combined effects of noise and refreshment.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HEADLONG FLIGHT.

ALL this time had Charlie waited, his eyes almost starting from his head with such continuous watching, but now he had his reward. Opportunity was coming at last; if he had to make an effort to save his friend and himself now was the time. He could not always see the poor bound form, both from the darkness and the black figures which were bounding like mad things between him and the edge of the forest, but an occasional glimpse told him that he was still there, also waiting. Slowly and cautiously Charlie crawled from behind the shelter of his rock until he reached another adjoining, and thus he dragged himself along the foot of the cliff. It was a terrible journey; cutting and bruising himself in the darkness, he had to squeeze between huge boulders and sharp-edged crags, besides which, the circuit was a long one, and it appeared a great distance between where he now was and the edge of the bush over yonder. Every now and again he would pause to reconnoitre, and, panting with fatigue, listen with each sense upon the stretch to mark whether his movements had in any way attracted the attention of his enemies. But no; the scene was going on without interruption, and contorting their lithe bodies into fantastic shapes, like gigantic beetles in some horrid nightmare, the savages continued their revels. Everything must end, as Charlie kept on saying to himself as a kind of comfort and encouragement as he made slow progress along; and thus at length the worst part of his journey was ended, and he arrived at that point where the cliff and bushes met. He breathed freely once more, for here he was comparatively safe. It was pitch dark; no moon or stars could penetrate that dense mass of tangled undergrowth. And yet to him, looking forth from this sombre shade, the firelight and torches of the dancers rendered

the whole scene distinct and clear. After a brief survey he again started upon that journey on hands and knees, tearing himself with thorns, and bruising his head against straggling roots. His heart beating wildly now with hope, he arrived immediately behind the spot where Johnny was captive. He had taken its position accurately during the time he had remained facing it beneath the cliff, and now he saw that he was exactly opposite to the landmark in the rocks that he had given himself as a guide. This was the tree; he could see the cords which bound his friend passed behind the thick trunk, and once again he paused to think.

When he had first set out to gain the tree his one wish was to reach it unobserved; all he hoped was that he might reach it without attracting attention; the rest that remained to do would be comparatively easy—cut the cords which bound his friend and set him free. Now here he was; no one apparently had heard his movements, the dancers were leaping with renewed fury, and he was at this moment within a few inches of his comrade, and yet he was not over sanguine, knowing now that the most critical moment had still to arrive.

Poor Johnny, who had borne so much, could scarcely be expected to bear the strain of any further shock; and how could he speak to him and yet prevent him from exclaiming aloud in his surprise? And even if this difficulty were surmounted, how should he manage to get him away into the bush, supposing he were weak and faint from loss of blood?

But hesitation was useless, it was neck or nothing now. He must risk everything or abandon his friend to his fate, and that latter alternative he was scarcely likely to adopt. Controlling his feelings as well as he could, for he was consumed by an intense longing to cheer his messmate with a word, he remained crouched behind the tree. Then watching his opportunity he whispered, 'Johnny, I am here; don't move an eyelid or speak a word.'

There was no answer, and it seemed as if the words had been spoken too low in his anxiety not to be over-

heard, or else they had fallen upon unheeding ears. After a brief pause of awful suspense, Charlie bent his head against the tree till it almost touched the arm of his friend and spoke again.

‘Johnny, old boy, don’t show surprise. I am here; it is I, Charlie, and if you can walk I will get you out of this.’

A shiver ran through the poor bound frame which proved the words had reached their mark, but not a sound escaped those lips. Danger had sharpened all his faculties, and not even such a miraculous surprise could tempt him to betray himself by speech; only, if anyone could have seen it, that despairing face illumined as though with a great joy. His heart leaping at the sound of that friendly voice coming to him from out the darkness sent a light into those bonny eyes that made them shine like twinkling stars. There was a dead silence. Then Charlie spoke again.

‘I am cutting the cords with my knife; do not move until I tell you,’ and so saying he cut through the strong grass cords which encircled the tree, but so fast had they been made that even when cut through they still maintained an apparent grip upon the bark. But the captive felt the cords relax and knew that he was free; although aching and stiff his arms remained spread-eagled in the same painful position still. At this moment a shout louder than ever reached their ears, and caused these two boys to feel that their ray of hope had been born only to be extinguished at its birth. But the alarm was a false one, though it warned Charlie that there was no time to lose. The revels were evidently fast nearing a close, the chanting was reaching its climax, and the dancing more vigorous than ever. Added to which the women were moving towards the fire, and from being merely spectators looked as though about to join the throng and be in time for their share of the feast to come, pointing over their shoulders as they went, with gleeful gestures towards the bush, where they doubtless wished to explain the materials for this unusual orgie awaited them.

‘Can you run?’ whispered Charlie. ‘If so, slip round the tree and catch hold of me.’

In a second more the two friends were clasping hands in the darkness.

‘Let us run,’ they said, almost together, and hand in hand they dived into the bush. If it had been difficult for Charlie alone and on all-fours to make progress in the undergrowth, it may be imagined what it now was for two. They went in single file, Charlie first, but the awful fear of pursuit almost made the obstacles give way before them. Like mad things they broke through the long trailing creepers and tore themselves free of tenacious thorns. Down and down they went. It was as Charlie had hoped. There was then apparently no precipice between them and the sea; that flat table-land whereon the encampment was situated was no solitary shelf protruding from the middle of the cliff, but merely the level summit of a gradual slope towards the sea; and still delighting in this discovery, they made another, which gave them greater hope still—the undergrowth was cut away. They had stumbled upon a track! Of course this track must lead towards the sea, and there was little doubt but that they would find canoes upon the beach below.

Not one moment too soon had they chanced upon this track, however, for a confused shouting, altogether different to the monotonous din that had accompanied the dancing, now told them that their enemies were in pursuit. On they fled down the narrow path at break-neck speed, regardless of the steep descent, until ere long they emerged from the bush upon the sandy beach where the sea lay sparkling in the light of the moon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PARTIAL ESCAPE.

It was a welcome sight to these poor fugitives, but it would have also been a useless one had there not lain there ready to their hands numbers of canoes.

‘Come on!’ shouted Charlie, ‘we’ll weather them yet,’ and seizing hold of a canoe, he pushed it before him into the water, closely followed by his companion. And both of them, balancing themselves with care, took their seats on board this frail craft, and, seizing the paddles, began to paddle for dear life in its most literal meaning.

‘Can’t we scuttle the others,’ suggested Johnny, panting, ‘to prevent pursuit?’

‘No time,’ ejaculated the other; ‘let’s dig out and get as good a start as possible.’

And almost as he spoke, the bush whence they had so recently emerged appeared to send forth its blackness, which divided into dark shadows and scattered about. Then the natives, for it was indeed their pursuers, seeing the canoe, set up a yell of devilish rage, and rushing wildly into the water strove to reach them, but luckily they were already too far from land to be caught by the most expert of swimmers, and the light canoe, paddled by the experienced arms of the two midshipmen, was flying out to sea at no mean pace. Forced, therefore, to retreat, and thus losing time, the pursuers rejoined their gesticulating fellow-demons upon the beach, and quickly manning a large war canoe, started to give chase. The canoe, manned by these painted warriors, whose huge beplumed heads looked grotesque and unearthly in the moonlight, went skimming along at a rate which showed that this weird crew was master of the art of paddling. In front of them the two Englishmen, in dead silence and with the dogged perseverance of their race, were bending to their work, their teeth set and brows bent they worked for more than freedom, escape from worse than death, but it seemed in vain. The big canoe was gaining on them fast, and the yells of their pursuers came almost ringing in their ears.

‘We’re done,’ muttered Johnny with a gasp, without looking up, ‘why did you sacrifice yourself for me?’

‘Not done yet,’ answered Charlie in a cheerful voice; ‘I’ve got a revolver.’ And as he spoke he ceased from his labour and levelled this weapon at the heads of those

in the canoe, who, not understanding its nature, were in no wise dismayed—indeed, imagining that the white men were about to surrender, they sent up a shout which found echo from those on the beach.

Taking aim, Charlie fired. There was a report and then a yell of agony. One of the occupants of the large canoe was dead. This unexpected event created the utmost consternation, and for a moment the paddling ceased, and by the confusion of voices it was evident that it was being debated whether the pursuit should be continued or not. Charlie took advantage of this delay, and, re-applying himself to his paddle, increased the distance from their foes to a considerable extent. Now shouting again, as though to give themselves confidence, as is the manner of a savage race, the islanders recommenced the pursuit.

Watching his opportunity Charlie fired again, twice in quick succession, and so good was his shooting that each bullet took effect, and two more natives fell. This was the *coup de grâce*, and there ensued a scene of the wildest terror on board of the large canoe. Two of its crew jumped overboard and began to swim towards the shore, while the others, paddling like people who have encountered a supernatural foe which has upset their very brain, turned their craft about and made for the beach with all the speed they could command. For the moment, then, the fugitives were safe—at least, if to be alone in a fragile canoe, upon the open sea, without compass and without provisions, can be described as safety—but all things go by comparison, and the contrast between their present position and the horrors of cannibalism they had so lately escaped was so great, that what they might previously have dreaded now seemed a very sanctuary of security. Besides which they were together, and nothing renders danger so bearable as the feeling that it is shared by another. A man overboard may get confused and lose his head; whereas, if a comrade jumps in to bear him company, he aids those who strive to rescue him by keeping cool and collected.

At this moment our two midshipmen could scarcely realise that they had actually so far escaped from the hands of the savages. Johnny, now that the reaction had come, was almost too upset and exhausted to speak; what had passed had been like some hideous dream. He had so short a while before abandoned all hope, and here he was with his friend, at any rate escaped from the horrors that had appeared so near. As for Charlie, the tension through which he had gone was now beginning to tell upon him. During the first part of this long day he had been supported by a kind of madness, and during the latter portion, when calm and reason had returned to him, he had so taxed all his resources of coolness and courage, that now the strain was loosened he felt as if both mind and body must give way altogether. He was in a state of absolute collapse, and was only hanging on to his paddle in a mechanical manner, as though unaware of what he was doing.

‘You’ve saved me, Charlie,’ said his companion at length.

‘Not yet,’ was the reply; ‘we shall very soon starve or drown.’

‘No, no, cheer up,’ exclaimed Johnny, his natural spirits reasserting themselves now that his friend required rousing. ‘Perhaps that heap there is food,’ pointing to something at the bottom of the canoe, and sure enough it was—some yams and a gourd of water. ‘These savages aren’t fellows to be taken by surprise, even living in that hidden hole up there; they provide against emergencies, and have provisions ready in their canoes in the event of its being necessary to up stick and away. Let us stop paddling a bit and take a pull,’ and turning round with great caution, so as not to upset the frail craft, Johnny began to open the gourd and handed it to his friend to drink.

It was about time, for poor Charlie was in a half-fainting condition. Then he drank himself, and the liquid acted like magic upon their exhausted natures, for youth is very elastic and rapidly recovers from mere fatigue—

however great it may be. Then they set to work to devour the yams, but sparingly, for they did not know how long they might be required.

‘How did you get where I found you?’ asked Charlie at last.

‘I scarcely remember—I got separated from the others in the bush, though one blue-jacket was not far off. Something hit me on the head—a club, I suppose, and I remember no more till I found myself in that horrible village being tied to a tree—I went through the most awful terror, Charlie; I thought I knew what fear was, but when I awoke to find myself in hell, as I thought, surrounded by all these painted, yelling demons, and being bound to a tree, the perspiration poured down my face and I felt like to die, and then they began sticking arrows all round me. At first I imagined they were aimed at me so that my death was to be immediate, and I really felt glad; then I divined their diabolic intention of merely making a little ornamental work round me, and actually smiled with irony at my own helplessness, and suddenly a sort of calm seemed to come over me. I realised that I was absolutely in their power and hope an impossibility, and, knowing I could do nothing, my terror ceased. I knew I should die; I was quite ready, and only hoped it would be soon, for my present situation was too horrible to continue. Then they left me, and began that dancing and singing, and I looked at it all like one in a dream, till my head dropped. I thought I really was dreaming, and then you spoke. It gave me the most marvellous sensation, that sound of your voice. It was like galvanising a dead body, I should think. I felt the blood rush through my veins, and my heart gave a great throb as though it had been given a new lease of life. And then I kept perfectly still, wondering what would happen next; and this has happened—you have so far saved me, and are now bound to share whatever fate is in store for me.’

‘I hope I have saved you, old chap,’ said Charlie; ‘but things look rather blue now;’ and then he related the details of his search, how, in disobedience to orders,

he had followed, and by marvellous good fortune just caught sight of the savages bearing their captive away into the bush, and how he had followed their track and discovered their hiding-place—a place so secure and beyond all observation that it was not likely any expedition from the ship could, by any possibility, find it.

CHAPTER XIX.

FORCED REFLECTIONS.

ALL this time they were drifting aimlessly on, occasionally paddling, their intention being to get as far away from the island as possible, and then round it, hoping to chance upon the ship, which they knew lay off the other side. But there was a wind which blew them out of their course, and though there was a moon, it scarcely helped them, so that they lost their bearings, and went driven by the wind and tide in a direction contrary to that to which they had intended to go. Some misfortunes are hard to bear, others comparatively easy; where nerve and brain are constantly upon the alert to counteract a threatened danger, there is even a certain fascination in the danger itself. Thus Charlie, in the risks he ran during the rescue of his friend, had no room for fear or despondency; but now it was another matter. At this moment the two castaways had only to sit still, and wait for an almost certain fate; for there is small chance for a frail canoe if the sea be rough, and even supposing that the craft be spared by the elements, the crew that manned it could not reasonably expect to subsist for any length of time upon a few yams and a little water in a gourd. Therefore, the present position of the two midshipmen was an evil one indeed, and one in which the attempt to keep their spirits up signally failed. They had plenty of food

for reflection, both of them. Charlie was perhaps more indifferent to his fate than was his friend. Life certainly had not been very pleasing to him of late—and he had taken a most pessimist view of the future before him. Shunned by his messmates and forced to live a life apart and alone, he had gradually come to moralise with himself and wonder why he must live that life at all, and had it not been for the accident of meeting Miss Brune, like a ray of light which should guide him from the depths of despair, he might have become hopelessly morbid and melancholy. But Miss Brune *had* crossed his life, and she believed in him, and, thinking thus, he wondered how she would bear the news of his loss, and whether she would guess what had happened and believe that he had done his duty fearlessly and well. And then, as he thought of her, and knew how little likely it was that he should hear her sympathising voice again, the tears rose to his eyes and made him angry with himself and with the turn of events that had brought about these results; and then, raising his head to shake off, as it were, those unbidden tears, his eyes rested upon the figure of his friend who, like himself, still mechanically paddled on, and he felt then that his repinings were unworthy. His friend had been taken away to undergo the most fearful of deaths, alone in the bush, surrounded by hordes of savages, and he had followed, and by great mercy been the means of saving him from such horrid misery, and the rebellious thoughts faded away as his heart swelled with thankfulness in the knowledge that his life, so soon to be sacrificed, had not been utterly wasted, inasmuch as he had been able to save a friend from a fearful death. As for Johnny, who can follow his thoughts then? Twice had his friend saved him, the first time from a moral evil which it would have been ruin to bear, and the second time from physical pain and a frightful bodily death. And it was only now it seemed to him that the full value and heroism of that first sacrifice came upon him with all its force, and showed him the fool's paradise in which he had been living these last few

months, and how paltry and mean his own conduct had been.

As we know, he had got to regard that little episode of the letter and the white feather as a matter of course as well as a detail in a page of history. Things had so arranged themselves, and he had accepted the arrangement. It was only at moments like those when Miss Brune evinced a too great curiosity in this old affair that he ever allowed it to trouble his thoughts at all. Johnny, though young, possessed a kind of philosophy of his own, and that was that a past event is not worth remembering if it be unpleasant. He had a morbid dislike for unpleasant things and an exaggerated love for all that was beautiful and fair. If a moment seemed replete with happiness and comfort, then he revelled in it and endeavoured to prolong this exceedingly satisfactory condition of affairs. But if the moment was one of discomfort or annoyance, he would hurry on into the future as it were, never once glancing back at that which it gave no gratification to look upon. If you cannot undo a trouble or alter it, forget it, for no amount of self worry will remove circumstances that exist. This was pretty well Johnny's motto, and now for the first time it occurred to him that perhaps there might be some flaw in his reasoning; he might perhaps be selfish and too ready to secure his comfort at the expense of other people, for the fact of not looking back or thinking of what may have caused him trouble, may be of itself a fresh cause of trouble to others. And now, for the first time, here he was false to his own philosophy, looking back with all his might and wondering why he was so doing; the fact, though, being that drifting about at night in a small canoe, a kind of cockle-shell upon the ocean, is both a good time and place for retrospective cogitation. The present being uncomfortable and the future vague and sketchy, the past presents the best material for reflection. Up till now Johnny West had refused to stop and think; he had gone dashing on, giving no ear to his conscience or the voices of the past. But here he was giving his attention with all his might for

the sole reason that he could not help himself; he could not seize upon the alternative of going to sleep, nor could he rush off and plunge into any pastime or duty to escape from these voices of the past. Here he was a prisoner; he must think, there was no choice, and thus he was making up for lost time and suffering double in consequence. In fact he was almost overcome.

‘Charlie,’ he said at last, as the result of his self-communing, ‘I’ve treated you very badly, and you’ve risked your life to save me.’

‘Never mind that now, we’ve other things to think of.’

‘No we have not,’ said Johnny almost fiercely. ‘That’s just it, there *is* nothing else to think of, and these “things” will be thought of now,’ and then, as though recollecting himself at the sound of this ungracious outburst, and feeling that after all his companion had not followed him all through his self-commune when these ‘things’ would thrust themselves before him in all their troublesome ugliness, he went on. ‘But now it is coming home to me, and if we get back I will put it right.’

‘Yes, there is an *if*, and a big one,’ replied Lathom with a shudder; ‘but even supposing that “if” comes off, you will oblige me by leaving things as they are. What has been done is over, and no talking of it can make it change. Any way, we won’t think about it now. The wind is rising, and our chances seem to be growing uncommonly small. Thank goodness, though, they’ve left a sail here, if that thing is a sail,’ pointing to a piece of matting which the natives use for that purpose. ‘We must manage to rig it up somehow, and run before the wind.’

This they did, and were soon bowling along at a tremendous pace, there being no time for a further exchange of ideas on the past or the future, the present fully occupying their attention, for they were obliged to hang on with all their strength to prevent being washed overboard into the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

NORFOLK ISLAND.

It was still early morning in Norfolk Island when its ordinary placid life was broken by a most unusual event; that event being the arrival of two people from the outside world. There is probably no more beautiful place on earth than this lonely island, set like some garden in the middle of the sea. With its long, sloping lawns, and huge Norfolk pines, it might almost be some English park were it not that an occasional grove of orange or lemon trees prove that one is in a semi-tropical land. For all round these grassy slopes there grows every kind of fruit or flower that can delight the eye, everything will flourish on this rich and fertile soil, thus Norfolk Island is a garden in the truest sense of the word. Since 1856 this little Paradise has been inhabited by the Pitcairn Islanders, descendants, as most people know, of the famous mutineers of the 'Bounty.' This little community live a life of ideal tranquillity. To them it is as if the outer world did not exist. Laws they have scarcely any; though certain rules may order the manner of their living, for there is no need of law where evil doing is unknown. All share alike. And on the occasion of a marriage, the young couple are provided for out of the common property—the land. A curious turn in the history of this island which, till the arrival of its present owners, was often the scene of such sad and terrible events, when England sent her convicts to this spot. Of these, there still stand as monument those grim prisons, where so many wretched human beings, deservedly or otherwise, endured a living death. There still remain the posts to which the victims of corporal punishment were lashed for flogging, and the dark cells of punishment can yet be explored in all their horrible gloom. Empty ghosts of the past stand these huge buildings of stone, so out of keeping with their surroundings, and hard it is to believe that misery and wretchedness could ever have reigned supreme in a spot

so naturally beautiful. And on these ashes of the past live this community whose watch-word is contentment and peace. In another part of the Island are Bishop Selwyn's mission schools and church; and strange it is to find this charming building devoted to the service of God, in a spot so far from home. The church is rich, being endowed by the kind generosity of the author with the proceeds of one of the most delightful books that all of us have read.

It is to this Mission Station that natives from the neighbouring island are brought to be educated and civilised. At the risk of their own lives the chiefs of this mission seek out recruits from amongst the disciples of cannibalism and murder, in order that, when educated, they may return to their own lands and in their turn point out to their own people the glorious truths of Christianity and civilisation. A curious contrast, indeed, is this little Eden. On one side of it the empty prison houses, deserted and in ruins, then this little community of white men living a life of tranquil content, and then, again, the Mission Station, where a devoted few are standing shoulder to shoulder to stem the tide of ignorance and barbarism.

If anyone can picture to himself this island as it has been here described, it can readily be understood that an advent from the outer world would create the greatest excitement. And, as was related at the beginning of this chapter, such an occasion was the present one. Some of the men of the community had been out fishing and had remained out all night. On their return they had espied something floating in the distance. On nearer inspection it had turned out to be a canoe with two figures stretched upon it, one lying at the bottom of the canoe and the other lashed to the outrigger with a belt. Both were to all appearances dead. There was little doubt as to who or what they were, as the tattered remains of naval uniform were upon them, proclaiming them to be midshipmen in the Royal Navy. On inspection it was found that they were still breathing, though senseless. Very gently the rough fishermen lifted those two poor emaciated forms on to their own craft. Tenderly as women they

lodged them on the bottom of the boat and did their utmost to bring them back to life. The sight was a sad one, and those kind-hearted people felt a choking sensation in their throats as they did what they could for these castaways, two young lads who had lived so brief a span, to die in such a terrible manner. While one of their number supported them the rest pulled lustily for the shore. There being no landing-place, properly speaking, the boat had to shoot through the surf. To these accomplished fishermen there was small difficulty in this. Getting the whaler straight as a die she rose upon the next roller and sailed calmly along its crest, until, receding, it left her safe and dry upon the beach. Meantime the approach of the boat had not been unobserved, and there was assembled quite a little crowd to meet her. Quickly and without fuss, stout arms bore the two bodies up a winding path to the nearest cottage. It made a mournful little procession, and many an eye grew sad as it rested upon those youthful faces drawn by suffering and paled, to all appearances, by death. But it was not the first time that these good people had had to face such a sight, and many a half-drowned human being had been placed beneath their hospitable roof. In the present instance all their skill and knowledge was required, for the two midshipmen did, indeed, seem dead. They were saturated with salt water, and their hearts only beat with very faint pulsation. After an interval, however, which seemed an age to these sympathetic people who were waiting about for news, it was reported that one of the castaways had opened his eyes and was looking about him with very evident signs of returning life. It was Charlie, who, being the stronger of the two, was the first to revive, as he had been the last to succumb, so that his had been the misery of watching his friend gradually sink and apparently die before his eyes. Their provisions had given out, they had abandoned all hope, and then he felt alone till he, too, was saved further suffering by a loss of consciousness. Now he awoke to find that he was no longer alone, for he was alive and amongst kind people,

who were standing anxiously round gazing at him with an interest which he was unable to understand. Looking vaguely about, as yet only half conscious, his eyes lit upon that silent form by his side.

‘Ah, I remember!’ he said, with a shudder; ‘he is dead; I saw him die,’ and closing his eyes he seemed as though about to relapse into unconsciousness again; but a rough, though kindly hand, was laid upon him, and one of the good men attempted to rouse him, saying, ‘Wake up, lad; you’ll do now, and so will your pal: he only wants time to come round;’ and even as he spoke Johnny heralded his return to life with a sigh, then he too opened his eyes and went through the same phase of bewilderment as to his whereabouts as had Charlie. But he was very faint and weak, and it was not till many hours after that he could be made to understand where he was, or how he came there; and many anxious days these islanders tended him, not yet knowing whether they were to be the means of saving that young life or not. But the work of recovery began, though slow. In order to insure quiet and absence of excitement, the two friends were nursed in separate houses, and after that first wakening did not again meet till their strength had somewhat returned to them. They had indeed passed through an ordeal, suffering all the agonies of a lingering death, but a miracle seemed to have brought them back to life. When they had, after some weeks, quite recovered their health, great was the delight of their hosts. This was the first time in the history of the island that visitors had sojourned among them, and these two were looked upon as belonging to the whole community, and many a time did those homely folks bless the day which cast that canoe upon their shores. As for the visitors themselves, these were days of ease and tranquillity such as they had never before experienced. They had learnt to appreciate the sterling good qualities of their benefactors, and felt, moreover, that nothing they could ever do would sufficiently show the gratitude which they owed for their kindness towards themselves. Charlie, with his quiet, courteous

manners seemed to them the most perfect type of a gentleman that they had ever beheld; while West's merry laugh and cheery voice made them think how dull their tranquil life would seem after his departure. The two lads would wander about that lovely island, and, sitting idly upon some grassy lawn beneath a shading tree, would look seawards, wondering if chance should bring a ship that way, and as they failed to see any such welcome sight, their regret was not wholly without relief, for to tell the truth each of them was loth to leave this peaceful home. Life held no excitement and few distractions, but there was sunshine, beautiful surroundings, and kindly faces. What more could any man desire, except excitement? and of this, surely these two had had a surfeit; that brief stay among the cannibals would have gratified the veriest glutton for experiences, and had it not done so, that evil time in the canoe which followed after, the long uncertainty as to whether they would die now or in an hour's time, would, I fancy, have been found sufficient to satisfy any cravings which may have remained. The minds and senses of these two young officers had been as severely tried as their bodies by this final ordeal, and had they been rescued and landed straight into civilisation and ordinary life it is doubtful whether the brain would ever have wholly recovered the terrible shock which their systems had sustained; but gentle nursing and this placid ideal life had gradually toned down the recollection of those awful experiences, and their minds and bodies both benefited by the completeness of their rest. Though of course they had related their adventures to their hosts, by a kind of mutual consent they had never alluded to the subject themselves, and in this instance Charlie was as ready to leave in oblivion an unpleasant fact as ever Johnny himself could be. Some things are too horrible for speech, and this was one of them.

But this life of tranquillity could not continue for ever, and the time must surely come for their departure. Any day a man-of-war might call in passing, though it was not often that the island received one of these visits.

However, the mission schooner was soon due, and they would then be able to take passage in her for Sydney. And thus it was they left; glad as they were to return to life and the world without, parting from their kind hosts was a real grief to both of them, and great was the lamentation on the island when the time for leave-taking arrived.

Quaintly dressed in clothes given them by their friends, they started. The entire community came down to the beach to see them off, and, like all good-byes, the scene was a sad one. It is one of the bitterest lessons taught by travel, that friends are made and lost; as soon as they become part of our lives we leave them, probably to meet no more. And though a man may have made unto himself friends in every corner of the globe, it avails him nothing—he is at home once more and has bidden them all farewell.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RETURN TO LIFE.

It was evening when the little mission schooner entered Sydney heads and dropped anchor off Rose Bay. Their boat was lowered and orders were given to row towards the flagship. At its approach, the loud challenge, 'Boat ahoy!' rang loud and clear, bringing our two friends back to their old life, as it were, with a start. 'No, no,' was the answer, which should perhaps be explained as intimating that no officer is coming on board, and this is often the reply of an officer himself when wishing to get home quietly and without fuss, for a 'yes, yes,' would entail trouble on the watch and cause the arrival to be received with all the panoply of etiquette involved in a quarter-master and a lamp. A few moments later, Lathom and West sprang up the side. As usual they walked to the after bridge and ascended the ladder, and standing

before the officer of the watch, who had arrested his walk at the sound of approaching steps, they touched their caps and said, 'Come on board, sir.'

'What! Lathom, West,' exclaimed this usually unruffled officer in undisguised amazement, turning, too, almost pale, as though the possibility of their being phantoms had crossed his mind. 'You two; good Gcd! it cannot be!'

'Fact, sir,' replied West smiling; 'but as you did not expect us, I fear our servants won't have either, and we shall not find our beds made down.'

'Well, I *am* glad to see you,' continued the officer, relapsing into his usual air of well-bred indifference. 'Go below; you will meet with a warm welcome, I am sure. I must send ashore and let the admiral know.'

It can be imagined the welcome and surprise which greeted our two friends. There was little sleep that night in the steerage, and, regardless of the sentry, the whole gun-room turned out of their hammocks, and in light costumes stood round about their chests listening to the adventures of their messmates who had been so miraculously restored to them. Johnny was in his element, for every one was in turn wringing him by the hand and expressing delight; the excitement of popularity as usual got into his head, and temporarily turned it. Charlie had quietly gone towards his own little encampment in the steerage as though nothing had happened, and in the general delight which had been caused by the reappearance of his friend, he almost escaped notice, until at length that friend, surfeited with his ovation, bethought himself of his companion.

'I say, you fellows,' he said, 'I should not be here had it not been for Lathom. He came after me all alone and rescued me.'

A dead silence ensued.

'Now,' continued Johnny, rising to the occasion, delighted at being so entirely master of the situation, 'all alone he saved me; he is nothing more nor less than a hero; if any one is my friend he will shake Lathom's

hand and congratulate him upon his splendid pluck. Charlie, old boy, let me be the first,' and so saying, with evidence of real feeling, he stepped towards his friend and wrung him by the hand. This example, so soon after the words so earnestly spoken, was too much, and the little white-clad crowd surged towards Lathom and extended their hands.

Mechanically, Charlie took them, saying, 'I only did what any of you would have done in my place.'

It was late before there was quiet again that night, and next morning the excitement was renewed. The entire ship's company were delighted at this marvellous return, as it seemed to them, from the grave, and in the forenoon the admiral himself came off from his house on shore. The bugle sounded as the great man approached, and hats were doffed and bare heads bowed while the boat shot alongside, and, loosening his hold on the lines the admiral stepped on to his own quarter-deck and ascended the bridge. Both of our friends, now reattired in uniform, and looking rather changed from their recent appearance, were then sent for, and received the warm congratulations of their commanding officer. Then, in a few well-chosen words, he addressed the ship's company concluding thus: 'By your faces I can see that you are all happy at this wonderful fortune which has restored our two shipmates to us, and I feel sure also that, like myself, all of you feel proud at being able to call Mr. Lathom a shipmate. It is certain that he disobeyed orders in going on into the bush after the retreat had been sounded, but, whatever course I may take, after consideration, on this account, I now here publicly congratulate Mr. Lathom upon his courage and presence of mind, and thank him in the name of the whole ship for having reflected credit upon us all by his heroism.' The bugle sounded the 'dismiss,' and this part of the ordeal attendant upon their return was ended. Blushing like a girl, Charlie stood looking the picture of misery, while Johnny, smiling and delighted, was his old self again. Naturally, he was happy—he was once more among his friends, and his com-

panion, who had previously suffered through his fault, was now publicly commended, and this end was achieved without any loss of popularity or humiliation upon the part of himself. That afternoon the two had leave and went ashore. As they landed at Princes Steps quite a little crowd greeted them. The news of the escape had already spread, and the kindly townspeople evinced their delight by a welcoming shout. It had so often happened, alas! that gallant officers had gone off to the Islands to return no more. News had come of their loss from the evil climate or at the hands of a cruel and treacherous foe. This was the first time that such news had been false, and the supposed victims had reappeared to receive a welcome. And, as though to show the unspoken sympathy they had felt on those former occasions of sadness, the people of Sydney did their utmost during the next few weeks by letters, by words, and by acts of practical kindness, to welcome home those whom they had feared were lost for ever; and also taking this opportunity of expressing some of the admiration and esteem they entertained for the navy as a body, the manly and straightforward natures of which it was composed having their unbounded admiration.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

ODDLY enough, Lathom and West took a cab and drove out to Glenava. The servant being a new one and not recognising them, carried out her orders of 'Not at home,' and informed them that Mrs. Brune was out. When would she be in? they asked, rather taken aback by this disappointment. 'Later, perhaps, and Miss Muriel was out too.' The two visitors thus turned away stood in the road undecided as to what to do next.

'What shall we do, Charlie? we can't wait here.'

‘I shall wait about here for a bit, I think,’ replied that individual.

‘All right, then, I will go on and astonish some other people by my reappearance and then come back here.’

Feeling rather underhand, Charlie carefully watched his friend out of sight, and then cautiously going down a narrow path that ran outside the garden palings walked towards the sea. Climbing over the wall at the foot of the lane he found himself upon the beach which lay at the foot of the Brune’s garden, and above him there stood that little flower-covered pavilion which he remembered so well. Was it empty, he wondered, or had his instincts guided him right? His heart beating, he ascended the rocks at its base, and noiselessly placing aside the creepers, set his foot upon the trellis-work and peeped over the low railings that encircled this little retreat. It was not empty, for there, asleep upon the couch in that lovely bower, lay the one figure he loved so well, that one being who had believed in him when all others failed. How sweet she looked as he beheld her then. Her usually pale face slightly flushed with sleep gave a tinge of rose to the transparent skin. The long-fringed eyelashes displayed in all their beauty were making shadows beneath the eyes now gently closed, and from these Charlie looked upon the lips slightly parted, whence came that breath so evenly as she slept. What little rosebuds they seemed. What a thrill they gave him, what temptation, what a magnet. They fascinated him, and he seemed to see nothing but those lips. Perfectly unmoved, Muriel slept on, all unconscious of the passion by her side. And how greatly surprised she would have been, to be sure; if she had had any particular fancy for herself she would probably have told you that it was in her eyes or her complexion that her test-points lay, but her lips—how she would have laughed—who looks at one’s lips? But however that may be, certain it is that at this moment Charlie did, and that he saw little else either as, stealthily creeping forward towards the magnet that drew him, he bent down over her as she slept, until he could feel her warm breath

upon his cheek. Yes, this was what he had pictured to himself during those long hours in the canoe. He had seen her lying thus, perhaps dreaming too of him. And as he had lost consciousness that day, in imagination he placed a farewell kiss upon the well-loved face, and this was how he did it. Stooping down he placed his own lips against those others which had so magnetised him. What rapture! what bliss! and feeling thus, he forgot his surroundings and the reality of the scene, totally losing sight of the fact that he was likely to pay penalty for his boldness. Muriel half awoke with a start and a slight scream, then just opening her eyes perceived Charlie as he bent over her, and with a smile and a sigh again closed them, preparing to continue her slumbers and her dream. But by this time Charlie had redescended to earth and felt rather bored at the want of companionship. Kissing is all very well, but, like a quarrel, it takes two to make it satisfactory, and after the first rapture of the first kiss even the most ardent worshipper would like some slight acknowledgment of the compliment. So he spoke—

‘Muriel, it is really I, do please wake and talk to me; you are not dreaming, and I have come back to see you.’

At this the sleeping beauty roused herself and sat erect, then, looking at him like one in amaze, she said, ‘Charlie! but no, it cannot be, for you are dead, they told me you were dead, and ——’ involuntarily looking down at her black dress, ‘oh, I have been so miserable.’

‘It is indeed I, dear,’ he said, ‘and as you perceive I am very much alive;’ then, like the vain lover that he was, ‘and you were miserable, and that black dress is for me, is it? How good of you.’

‘Good of me,’ laughed Muriel, recovering somewhat from her surprise; ‘perhaps it was, but I can scarcely realise that you are alive and here, and oh,’ here her voice trembled, ‘Charlie, I am so glad, so very, very glad.’

‘Are you? then show it, dear,’ replied her companion, thoroughly equal to the occasion. ‘I love you more than all the world; kiss me, darling, and say you love me too.’

‘You know I do,’ and the poor girl, weeping now at this great joy that had come upon her, hid her face upon his shoulder; but Charlie, not to be denied, taking that dear face in his hands, laid his lips once more—permitted this time—against those rosy ones, and pledged his love in one long kiss. She did not question him yet. He was with her, he loved her, and she had told him that he was beloved in return. What more did she require and what mattered all else besides?

Two hours afterwards, when a step was heard coming across the lawn, he turned to her and said: ‘I forgot to tell you that West said he would come in later with me, but I could not wait.’

‘I doubt if he will get in,’ she said, with a smile. ‘Mamma and I have seen scarcely anyone lately, and have always said not at home.’

‘Ah, where there is a naval officer with a will there is always a way,’ he answered, laughing. ‘How glad West will be to see you.’

Indeed, they were a happy party that night. Mrs. Brune, good motherly soul, was simply transported at having her two favourites back again. Muriel sat there in quiet happiness, ever and anon looking at Charlie, while she listened to Johnny’s cheery voice as he rattled on, making game of everything and everybody, his blue eyes twinkling with fun and his handsome face beaming with smiles. Like many another, unless he were tried he would never be found wanting, his outward signs being taken for the reflection of the nature within.

Charlie, too, was happy, for nothing pleased him more than to efface himself and listen to the chatter of his friend, offering himself as a butt for his remarks and allowing himself to be drawn out for his benefit. He belonged to him as it were, and he felt proud of him, and to-night someone else belonged to him, only he could as yet scarcely believe in the greatness of this possession. Muriel sat by his side and the sympathy of a great love lay between them. A magnetic current was drawing them together and spreading its delightful touch over all their

awakened senses. Walking home in time to catch the last boat off to the ship, Johnny broke a long silence by remarking, 'What a jolly evening. She *is* ripping.'

'Yes,' answered Charlie vaguely.

'I say,' continued his companion, not discouraged by a mere want of interest, 'I think I'm in love.'

'That's odd; nothing newer than that?'

'That's just it, it is not new, Charlie. I thought I loved her before I went away and now I *know* that I do.'

'And who is the happy object of your certain affections?' asked his friend with a strange sinking at his heart.

'Who?' was the answer, in unaffected surprise. 'Why, Miss Brune, of course.'

'Oh!' that was all the response which Charlie could make to this announcement, as its full meaning dawned upon him.

Had it then come to this, to find a rival in that friend whose wit and brilliancy he admired? Now he was to be cut out by those very attributes which he probably so greatly overrated, for he thought what girl could possibly care for him if obliged to choose between such a pair, and even if she did, would it be fair to her whom he so loved to be the means of preventing a match so much better from a worldly point of view than would be an alliance with himself, for his friend was rich and he poor, without prospects beyond the service. And thinking thus, 'Oh!' was all he said as the great horror of this careless announcement burst upon him. And then, to save further discussion upon so delicate a matter, he changed the subject, but the conversation which ensued was distant to his mind and his thoughts were far beyond his words.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RIVALS.

THE nine days' wonder was over, and some months had passed since the midshipmen had so unexpectedly returned. Things on board H.M.S. 'Victoria' had resumed their

usual monotonous routine, and that island story was an old yarn of the past, almost as long ago as the Malta one, it seemed to West. His devotion and gratitude towards his preserver had in no way diminished. In the gun-room he treated him with a deference and consideration that came naturally from him, as though feeling himself compelled to pay tribute to this nature, so much nobler than his own. And the others followed suit. The court-martial and its sentence seemed to have been forgotten, at least outwardly, and every one was friendly with Lathom almost as before, but it is hard to take up the thread of friendship just where it has been dropped, and therefore it is not surprising that in his attempt at establishing the *status quo* there should exist a certain amount of *gêne* which was amply sufficient to prevent Charlie from feeling really one of themselves, although no one would for worlds have shown it, or ever thought of denying his right to admiration on account of his splendid courage and presence of mind. From constant praise of his friend and frequent accounts of his devoted bravery, West began to feel that he was doing all in his power to make Charlie's life more pleasant to him, and it rewarded him to see his comrade with a much happier expression upon his face than he had previously worn. All this time he had lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself in the eyes of Miss Brune. He really was fond of her, and in his own words was resolved to make the running. Charlie, as has been seen, had made his running short by winning in a canter, but, of course, being so young and so low in the service, he could not yet speak of marriage between himself and Muriel, except as a secret that might at some future date be announced to the world. Both he and West had now been acting subs for some time, and when the commission was up, which would shortly be the case, they would go to Greenwich to pass. Once a lieutenant, he could speak to Mrs. Brune and endeavour to obtain her consent to his marriage with her daughter, and till this time should arrive he and Muriel had agreed to wait. But waiting in love is a risky business; Muriel's feelings towards Johnny

had twice undergone a change. At first she had naturally liked him—as who could help doing?—but when discovering that day of the dance that it was for him that Charlie had sacrificed himself, and that he had accepted this sacrifice so coolly, she immediately looked upon him with disdain and told herself that she hated him. But on the night of their visit after their marvellous escape, when she herself was so happy, it was impossible to withhold her friendship from the companion who had shared the danger and troubles that had so nearly proved fatal to her own well-loved boy; besides which, the contagion of those high spirits conquered her almost against her will. Everything seemed subsequently to go well on board the ship. Charlie was on good terms with his messmates, and they all spoke well of him, therefore she not unnaturally concluded that at length Johnny had spoken the truth about his friend, explaining to his companions the injustice that had been committed, and they, forgiving in their affection for West what they had severely visited on another, had tacitly agreed to let the matter drop. Of course she could not well ask if she were correct in this conclusion; for it was a subject painful to all parties, had it not also been quite foreign to her tact to touch again upon such very delicate ground. And now came a great trial for Lathom. He had watched, not without concern, the attentions of his friend towards Muriel, and he looked eagerly to see whether this patent devotion was in any manner returned, and in consequence his lover's eyes, enlarged by a jealousy unacknowledged even to himself, were likely to distort the innocent enjoyment that Muriel displayed in such agreeable society. Thus things went on till the climax came. One day the two friends were lying down upon the fore bridge enjoying a real lazy time after lunch.

‘Charlie, you remember my telling you that I was in love when we first came back’ (it was always thus that they alluded to their return).

‘Yes, I do.’

‘Well,’ continued West, ‘I’m worse and worse, and

now it has come to this, that I do not enjoy life one bit unless I am with Muriel Brune, and I think I love her more than anything on earth.'

'Think!' echoed Charlie to himself with some bitterness, but all he said was, 'Well?'

'Well, I want her to like me.'

'Is that all?'

'How cool you are about it!' cried Johnny petulantly. 'I did think you would take more interest in my affairs than that.'

'Did you?' answered Charlie with rather a sad smile as he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at his companion. 'Well, fire away, I'm all attention.'

'Well, the fact is—is—' stammered Johnny, hesitating, 'that I don't quite know how to put it.'

'Put it straight,' said the other.

'Well, so I will. I think Muriel likes you—likes you best. Now, of course you don't mean anything serious; but while you are there I don't stand a chance. Yet—let me make the running for a bit, Charlie, and you keep out of the way.'

This *was* straight with a vengeance.

'Now—yet,' said Charlie to himself, for once in his life almost losing his temper; 'was there ever such egotism?' but he answered, 'Why "of course" about my not being serious?'

'Why "of course"? What a rum chap you are, Charlie! Of course it's of course. Fancy an undemonstrative chap like you being in love really, and getting married! Why, it's ridiculous!'

'Then do you mean to be in love "really," and get married?'

'If I can.'

'Won't that be ridiculous?'

'No. Why, I am an elder son, and some day will have plenty of money, and be able to leave the service.'

'Whereon I——?'

'You? Well, old chap, you know you can't marry for ages, even supposing you wanted to, and it isn't as if you

did; and I know you are not serious over this, so I think you ought not to stand in the way of a fellow who is. There—is that straight?’

‘Yes, tolerably,’ said Charlie, once more sinking back into his reclining attitude.

There was a short silence.

‘And so you’re huffy, and won’t do it?’ said West impatiently. ‘I scarcely expected you to hesitate about doing a fellow a little turn like that.’

‘Ha, ha!’ laughed Charlie rather harshly, ‘what a selfish chap I must seem!’

‘I don’t suppose you are really; you only want to draw me, I expect.’

‘That’s it,’ he said, still laughing that peculiar laugh; ‘it’s so difficult to do, you see. Well, have your own way. Go in and win if you can; I won’t interfere till you are beaten.’

‘Thanks; I thought you wouldn’t really mind,’ said his companion, returning to the pages of his open novel as though he had just asked for and accepted the loan of a penknife or some other equally trifling article. But Charlie couldn’t read, or even pretend to, but lay there gazing at the sea below him. ‘If you have to do a disagreeable action, do it with a good grace,’ he had always taught himself, ‘or else it is better not done at all;’ and many a time had he said this to himself when practising some of the ordinary courtesies of life which happened to be distasteful to him. This was perhaps why he smiled as he said to Johnny: ‘Go in and win; I won’t interfere.’ Nor would he interfere. As his friend had put it, rather brutally perhaps, he was the better match of the two, and by keeping Muriel bound to himself he probably spoilt her chances of a more fortunate fate. In any case, it was only right that she should have the option of refusing those chances that would in the ordinary course be hers. And then, as Johnny had put it, he too was entitled to a chance, though probably he would have been encouraged to tell him of his engagement to Muriel had his friend not so utterly scouted the notion of the possibility of

there being anything serious in the idea, that the words seemed to stick in his throat. And then West seemed so in earnest; he really was in love! He certainly was the better fellow of the two, the cleverer and more agreeable, and as such had a kind of natural right to first try. Thus it turned out that Charlie's visits to Glenava grew fewer and fewer, while West was there daily, until it was common gun-room report that at last he was caught, and for the first time in his life seemed thoroughly in earnest. And a lucky fellow he was considered to be. The only apparent change in Charlie was, that he seemed more grave and taciturn than ever, appearing to have relapsed into the morbid state into which he had fallen before they had left for the islands.

Meanwhile the report that Miss Brune and West were having a great flirtation was not altogether groundless. Muriel felt considerably piqued at the lengthened periods between Charlie's visits, the more so as Johnny invariably invented some trivial excuse when questioned as to his non-appearance. Thus hurt and wounded, Muriel felt that if Charlie did not care about her society she would not be weak enough to seem to feel his absence, and accordingly, finding Johnny ready to hand to flirt with and amuse her, she fell only too readily into the trap that had been laid for her. It was at a ball that this smothered resentment found vent. Charlie had just danced with Muriel, and they were sitting in the verandah enjoying the cool evening air.

'It was very condescending of you to ask me to dance,' she said, by way of an opening, but it was too big a one, and for all reply Charlie could only look at her in a confused, guilty manner, as he felt that his punishment was beginning. 'You never come and see us now. Why don't you?' she went on, finding that he was 'tongue-tied in his guiltiness.' 'Are you tired of me already, Charlie?'

The voice that asked this question was very sad, and there might have been a tear in those lovely eyes had there been light enough to see.

‘Tired, Muriel? I don’t think I see you often enough for that,’ he said, with a feeble attempt at chaff.

‘And whose fault is that? You saw me often enough once. What has come between us, Charlie? There is something, and I will know. You are changed; and yet I think, I feel sure even, that you love me still.’

‘Love you still?’ he exclaimed with a world of meaning, seizing on the little hand that lay by his side and holding it in both of his great strong ones. ‘Yes, my darling, indeed I love you; but what is the use?’

‘What’s the use?’ she echoed wonderingly.

‘Yes; how can we marry?—how can a midshipman marry?’

‘By waiting,’ she said.

‘Yes, wait until my pay rises from twopence a day to fourpence-halfpenny. A nice future for you to look forward to! No, it is not right that I should bind you like that or tie you down to such a prospect.’

‘You foolish boy!’ she said, smiling, and looking up into the troubled young face that was bent towards her. ‘Is that all, then? What a matter-of-fact person you are!’

‘Perhaps so,’ he went on without any answering smile, ‘but it is as right to be matter of fact as it is wrong for me to take advantage of your ignorance of the world and sweet confidence in myself to bind you to a promise that has no future, beyond the future of a naval officer who lives upon his pay. Oh! darling, how I love you!’ and his hands strained her imprisoned one in a grasp that was almost painful in its passion. ‘But it is wrong, and I will fight against it for your sake. Oh, I have fought,’ he went on as though to himself, ‘and I fancied I had almost conquered, but you speak to me, you look at me, and it is all as though I had never begun.’

‘I don’t quite understand you, Charlie,’ she answered vaguely, with rather a querulous tremble in her voice.

‘No, dear? then it must be because I am so stupid. I am not worthy of you. I am poor, and never likely to be any richer; it is madness for me to love you, you are worthier of a better fate. I must, yes’—with a gasp as

though to swallow his resentment at being obliged to say such a thing—‘I must give you back your word to wait for me. In a few weeks we go back to England; you are coming over there this summer. If you are still of the same mind then, then let me revel in my fate, and we will live and be poor together.’

The little hand which had been struggling to set itself free during this speech now withdrew itself from his grasp.

‘Very well, then,’ said Muriel coldly, as though to veil her feelings, ‘so be it; it is over between us. Is that what you mean?’

‘For the present,’ he answered, ‘yes.’

Women are skilled deceivers, and who can read their thoughts? For the rest of that evening Miss Brune was observed to look more cheerful and happy than usual, for there was a colour in her cheek and a sparkle in her eye not natural to her, and when people saw this beautiful girl dancing time after time with West, they thought what a happy, handsome couple they looked, and mankind agreed that he was a lucky fellow indeed. That young man was apparently thinking the same himself, his gay spirits had never been gayer, and he looked the very personification of enjoyment.

‘Charlie, I am so happy! I am quite sure she likes me,’ he exclaimed next day to his friend.

‘What makes you so sure?’

‘Why, she dances so much with me and is so glad to see me always. It really was good of you to give me this chance.’

‘Have you availed yourself of it to ask her—ask her—to marry you?’

‘No, not yet; I’m going to soon.’

Charlie sighed.

‘You had better do it soon and get the plunge over.’

He knew well that this was probably only the first of a series of offers that might be given to the girl whom for her own sake he had relinquished, but yet he wished it over; suspense is horrible, but a certainty is always possible to bear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOHNNY'S PLUNGE.

It was shortly after this that Johnny took the required plunge, and, as his evil star would have it, he selected the little pavilion as the spot whereon to make this declaration of love—a spot hallowed in the eyes of Muriel as being the scene of her first introduction to the mysteries of a real affection.

When the moment came for putting his fortune to the test it did seem a plunge indeed; and this young man, usually so blithe and ready for speech, sat silent and meditative, wondering not a little how best to put his plunge into words. It is satisfactory to know how frequently the ordinary chatterer, to whom words come as the babble of a stream, finds his punishment. When an audience is waiting to receive his remarks, uttered from a platform or the lower elevation obtained by rising after dinner to his feet, then, as though the irony of fate delighted in the prank, he is oftentimes struck with dumbness, relieved by an occasional stutter.

‘Why are you so silent?’ exclaimed Muriel at length. ‘I am so accustomed to your incessant talking that it seems unnatural to sit with you in silence.’

‘Are you never serious?’ asked her companion with a look that was meant to be killing. ‘Why do you always treat me as though I were a baby?’

‘Why?’ laughed the young lady; ‘it would be rude to explain.’

‘Well,’ he replied, ‘although you evidently think it funny to laugh at me and pretend that I can never be serious, I am serious, and I’m going to speak seriously now.’

‘No!’ she exclaimed. ‘But how fierce you look! I really do believe you have arrived at some terrible determination; your eyes are glaring and your brow all wrinkled; and this because you are going to become serious. Please change your mind and spare us both.’

'How awfully unkind you are!' burst forth Johnny, almost looking the baby she had described him to be, as he pouted crossly and looked crestfallen, after the manner of those who make attempts beyond their reach and fail. 'One would think I was a perfect fool to hear you talk, and believe that you did not give me credit for any sense at all.'

'Poor little boy!' laughed his tormentor, 'how easy it is to tease him!'

'Ah!' cried Johnny, jumping at this straw. 'Then it is only to tease me! I thought you could not be so unkind really, for it is unkind to make fun of a chap like you do me, especially when that chap—that——'

'Well,' she smiled, with a slight look of genuine astonishment beneath the elevation of her eyebrows, 'what about that chap? Do go on; I am breathless with interest.'

'That chap—' began Johnny, again stammering.

'Yes, yes, you've said that before; get on to the next sentence.'

'Well, *adores* you!' exclaimed Johnny desperately; 'that's the next sentence.'

'Oh!' said Muriel with a little gasp of surprise, for this was a plunge indeed.

'Yes, I adore you!' repeated her admirer, glibly enough now that the pith of his communication was over. 'I love you more than any one in the whole wide world, and I want you to marry me.'

'Marry you?'

'Yes, why not? I adore you, I worship you! Oh, Muriel dear, don't look so astonished. Don't you like me a little? Can I never hope to make you like me more?' and saying this he took her hand, and looking straight into her eyes added, 'Oh, my darling, I may be only a boy—a baby even, as you say, but I shall soon be a man, and I have all a man's feelings of devotion for you. You are all the world to me, and you cannot be so cruel as to deny me what I ask.'

The girl raised her lovely lids, and looking back right

into those bright pleading eyes which gazed so steadfastly into her own, read in them the truth of that love which was offered by his words, and as she looked an expression of softness came over her, which Johnny seeing, and from it taking courage, went on :

‘Why should you not like me, darling? You cannot like anyone else so well, for no one loves you as I do, Muriel—no one;’ but he stopped abruptly, for the hand which he held in his was drawn away, and the eyes once more withdrew their light. He had gone too far, poor boy, so unused to study ‘woman’s looks,’ and, being a novice in the interpretation of those little subtleties of manner, he had mistaken pity for love and made a great *faux pas*. Alas for all his newborn hopes! he was learning experience. The second time he made love he would doubtless be less ready to jump to conclusions. He stopped. ‘What have I said? why do you draw back?’ But there was no answer, and, emboldened once more by the silence which, he considered, and rightly—for had he not read it in books?—gives consent, he put his arm around the waist of the girl he loved and impressed a kiss upon her lips. It acted like a galvanic shock, causing the recipient to spring to her feet as though she had been on wires.

‘You are making a great mistake, Mr. West,’ she said in a cold voice; ‘how dare you presume like that? how dare you insult me so? It serves me right,’ she went on, ‘for allowing myself to feel sorry for you and listen to your absurdities as though they were the truth.’ And again she broke off with ‘How dare you be so rude?’ emphasising this conclusive remark with an angry stamp of her little foot upon the floor.

Poor Johnny looked up in amaze at the transformation before him. The girl, who a few short moments before was listening to his prayer with a look of softness in her eyes, was now standing over him like some offended fury. He could not make it out, for he had been getting on so swimmingly, when suddenly, through no fault of his, it seemed, things had gone all awry. It was, indeed, no

fault of his, for he could not help his inexperience, but he was learning.

'Do I understand, then, that you dislike me and refuse me?' he faltered at last.

'Understand nothing, except what I tell you; one thing at a time will probably be sufficient for you to grasp,' she went on cruelly.

'Why was she so angry?' Johnny wondered. He would soon know. She was angry with herself, and when a person is that, he will often puzzle the uninitiated by turning in his fury upon the first victim who presents himself, and here now was a victim, and on his knees.

'You have made me an offer,' she continued, 'and I refuse it. That is simple; now get up from that ridiculous position, for you cannot think how silly you look.'

'Why are you so angry?' he asked, nettled at such treatment, for, after all, he had meant no harm, and according to his reasoning there was not much to be offended at, after all, when one offers a gift so desirable as oneself to anyone in the world. 'I suppose you like someone else better than me; if so, it would be kinder to tell me so at once; and,' he added, 'you might tell me in a more kindly manner.'

'You have no right to ask such a question,' she answered quickly.

Now Johnny was already learning, for his next remark was, 'Your very anger about such a trifling question only shows that I am right. Whom can you like better than me?'

'What superb conceit!' laughed the girl rather unpleasantly; 'don't you think such a thing can be possible?'

'You wilfully misunderstand me,' he said with some dignity. 'I did not speak in the sense which you put upon my words; I was merely wondering who the lucky individual could be. Oh, Muriel!' he burst forth again, his feelings getting the better of him, 'think again before you refuse me altogether. Are you sure you like another? Can you never be for me or return the love I bear you?'

‘Never!’ This with great decision.

‘Then there *is* another,’ replied Johnny with some triumph.

Rather taken off her guard by this jump at a conclusion, Muriel nodded.

‘Who is he?—a friend of mine?’ he asked with a curiosity which a man would have had the dignity to conceal. ‘Do I know him?’

‘You do,’ she answered; ‘you know him slightly. I say “slightly” because, though to all appearances you know him intimately, you yet have but a slight and infinitesimal conception of his goodness.’

‘Are you engaged to this paragon whom I know so slightly?’

‘No,’ she said slowly, ‘not exactly, but——’ then exclaiming, ‘Do not bother now; you have my answer, and that is sufficient.’

‘Look here, Muriel,’ he said, walking up to her and taking both her hands in his, ‘you say I am a boy, and so I am; but, boy or man, I am not to be trifled with altogether. It is right that I should learn who it is that has come between us, so that I may discover what chance I have of winning the race; for if you are not engaged I have a chance as well as any other man. I am not afraid, and I *will* win in the end. You are *not* engaged?’

‘No, not now.’

‘Not now?’ he repeated wonderingly; ‘then you are free, after all?’

‘No, I am not; but if you insist, you cruel tormentor, I must, I suppose, tell you, you have no chance, Mr. West, though I like you very much. I was engaged to your friend, Mr. Lathom, but we have broken it off and agreed to wait; he thought it better,’ she went on, now letting her gaze wander out to sea and rest upon the ship, which probably at that moment held the form of him she loved. ‘He did love me once; of that I am sure; but lately he has been so strange; he thinks it better to leave things as they are till we meet in England, and then, unless I change my mind’—this with a smile of incredulity, as

though such an idea had not the smallest precedent for its origin—‘we shall be engaged again.’

‘Charlie Lathom! You love *him*?’

‘Love him, adore him, worship him, if you will know it all,’ she added fiercely. ‘Now you have my answer, now you have my secret, wrung from me by your pertinacious questioning, and we are in your hands.’

‘We?’ asked Johnny, puzzled. ‘Why, he knew that I was going to ask you.’

‘He knew it!’

‘Yes; I told him.’

‘Do I understand that you told Mr. Lathom that you were going to ask me to be your wife?’

‘Yes, you may understand that,’ answered Johnny with a faint grin.

‘When did you tell him, and why?’

She stood, no longer a fury, no longer a passionate, weeping girl badgered into betraying the secrets of her heart, and made to speak of that which she had hidden with such jealous care, acting thus as the only means of staying the importunity of another suitor whose ardour a simple ‘No’ was powerless to restrain. Now this woman, so changing in her moods, so governed by new feelings, was standing like some inexorable judge who would give justice, and justice only. Those beautiful features were hard and set, and a look of concentration of purpose was upon her face.

‘Why did you tell him?’ she went on.

‘Because I wanted to give him a hint.’

‘A hint! What did he want a hint for?’

‘To keep him away a bit,’ replied Johnny desperately.

‘You needn’t look so cross,’ he added; ‘I meant no harm.’

She paid no heed to this, but went on:

‘And what did he say when you wanted to keep him away a bit?’

‘I forget the exact words,’ he answered, growing a little irritable at this maintained catechism, ‘but I think he agreed to what I proposed.’

‘Why did you want to keep him away?’

‘Why?’ He laughed now, but rather uneasily. ‘Because I feared you might fall a victim to his fascinations, and in that case poor I would have no chance. But it seems that you had succumbed already.’

‘Ah!’ she said, her features relaxing a little, ‘then you know he would stand a better chance than yourself. Good boy! you have, then, some sense of his superiority after all.’ And then eagerly, ‘Did he agree at once, without any hesitation or demur?’

‘Well,’ said Johnny, looking foolish, ‘I suppose I owe it to him to say that I argued about it from my own standpoint. I put it to him that he had not much to marry upon, &c., and that, as he couldn’t marry, it would clearly be wrong to stand in the way of those who could; but I think,’ he added in injured tones, ‘he needn’t have been so deep about it, he might have told me.’

‘Why,’ she replied, ‘would that have been like his unselfishness? You asked him to stand aside and let you have a chance; has he done so?’

‘I suppose he has.’

‘And you have had your chance.’

‘Yes, and failed,’ he said dolefully.

‘Of course I am sorry for you,’ she continued kindly, ‘for I think you were in earnest a little;’ and saying this the woman within her could not refrain from a slight elevation of the eyebrows and a lightning glance at the discomfited wooer, as though, conscious of not unwelcome admiration; ‘but now you understand that my affections are not my own, and that I shall never love any one but my Charlie, whether he ever speaks to me again or not. He has bidden me wait and see the world, to go home to England and meet other men before I choose my future, and then, if I care for him still, he will come to me. He little knows me if he thinks that I can change, and so you can tell him if you relate to him the result of your little proposal this morning.’

‘I shall not tell him anything of the sort,’ answered Johnny sturdily; ‘I too shall wait, and when we are in England I shall ask you again.’

‘Very well,’ she replied wearily, but I hope you are not going to bore me; you have always been so amusing up till now, and a person with a purpose is a terrible infliction; but let us end this little tragedy and go into the house and soothe our feelings with tea and buttered toast. Come along, you’re not cross surely?’ as her companion hung back a little; ‘that would be childish, to go without tea because you cannot get the moon.’

‘No, I never sulk,’ laughed Johnny in something like his usual manner; and, to tell the truth, he never did, his nature, luckily, being too shallow for such brooding wrath.

‘If she be not fair for me,
I’ll not care how fair she be,
But comfort find in toast and tea,’

laughed Johnny.

‘Ah! that’s right,’ smiled Muriel with a look of relief, ‘you are far nicer now;’ and Johnny, with his bonny eyes aglow with fun, once more certainly looked better than he had done a short while since, when his brows were puckered with thought and anger had disfigured his eyes.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

As West had said, the time was drawing near for the return home. The commission was nearly over, and the ship would soon be homeward bound. At first it was thought that the ‘Victoria’ would remain on the station, while the officers who relieved the first commission would come out in a troopship, the present complement returning in a like manner; but orders had arrived to a contrary effect, and they would go home as they had come—on board of their own ship.

It was with conflicting feelings that the officers saw the time of departure draw nigh. The prospect of going

home was a joyful one, yet a prospect that exemplified the well-known proverb of the French by being greatly leavened with pain—for pain it would be to leave for an indefinite period the kind friends they had met with on this side of the world. When leaving England some three short years ago, how those then heartbroken officers would have scoffed at the idea of the news of their return being received by them otherwise than with delight! And yet, at this moment, the wrench of parting was to some of them as hard, if not harder, than it had been before. Though Lathom frequently met Muriel during those weeks which preceded departure, yet by tacit consent the subject of their broken engagement was left untouched. The matter had been discussed, and finally closed until such time as Muriel should have seen more of the world, and been able to settle her future, according to her lover's idea of right and honour. Nor can it be supposed either that West was in any hurry to raise the hopes of his friend by communicating his own defeat, and less likely still was it that Muriel should tell him. Therefore, in ignorance of her constancy, already proved, Charlie bid farewell to his love when that dreary time arrived for saying good-bye.

Once more, and for the last time, the great ship went steaming out of that beautiful harbour. Followed by steamboats, sailing-boats, and rowing craft of every description, she started slowly and majestically on her way. From those on board of the accompanying flotilla ever and anon went up a cheer, expressive of God-speed to all parting friends, though many a handkerchief which waved its accompaniment was stealthily used as a screen for sadly overflowing eyes. As though in response, the band was striking up 'For auld lang syne,' a tune that can make the bravest weep. Once again those beautiful gardens, like some fairy panorama, were floating by, dotted as they were with familiar faces assembled there in mute farewell. At each turn of the screw almost some one on board had lost a friend, as gradually house by house was left behind. At Rose Bay the little pavilion at the foot of the garden belonging to Glenava was tenanted by

Muriel, and from here again her farewells were wafted towards the ship, but, oh, with what a sinking at her heart, poor girl! True, she hoped soon to go 'home,' as all Australians term the mother country; but yet nothing, she told herself, is ever the same again, and those happy lives out here were past and gone. Through her glasses, blurred with tears—in fact, she lost many precious moments by lowering them in order to remove the dimness which obscured her view—she saw those two who were so devoted to her, strangely as they differed in almost every other respect. Johnny she made out, nodding his head and waving his cap frantically whenever opportunity permitted him to do so, doubtless imagining, as he himself was accustomed to do, that others valued a thing, even a farewell, according to its outward and visible signs. If this were so, poor Charlie would have fared badly, for he did not wave, nor did he raise, his cap excepting once, reverently and slowly, as though in one long and lingering adieu, and then, his grave face firm and resolute, he remained silent with his gaze fixed upon that fast-vanishing scene. And this was their last sight of one another as he left for home—she standing there weeping, miserable and alone, her slender figure framed in that arbour of flowers; he alone, too, it seemed, though in a crowd, his tall form conspicuous among all upon that grim ship as she slowly floated by. He suffered, she knew; each sob of hers had its echo in that brave heart, although he stood apparently so unmoved—apparently only, for had she seen his eyes she might have beheld the tender, soft farewell they looked towards the shore. Once again the Heads were rounded, and the great ship had fairly started upon her long voyage home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'LOST BY A SHOE.'

MALTA was only two days off now, and all were looking forward to a spell ashore, with the exception, perhaps, of

the two chief actors in our story, whose recollections of their former visit to the island were not exactly pleasant ones, and each was probably wondering in his own mind whether the same regiments were likely to be quartered there still; and, if so, whether they might be able to pass the time of their short stay without recognition and the consequent raking up of bygone events. Johnny, indeed, with his usual forethought for self, began to take time by the forelock, and complained of feeling ill and out of sorts; he was afraid, he said, that he would never be fit enough to leave the ship at Malta, which would be just his luck all over. Charlie scarcely went so far, but still he did make up his mind that he would avoid the Club and the opera, in so far as it was possible, during their brief stay, in order to lessen the unnecessary risk of an explanation, which would be painful and useless, so they planned; but the irony of fate willed things otherwise. One afternoon, Johnny was pacing the deck and looking out to sea in a dreamy kind of way, as he pondered, thoughtfully for him, upon things in general, and parenthetically wishing himself well out of the next few days; and then vaguely, as his eyes looked up, he noticed the gathering clouds and wondered whether they were in for bad weather, and then, as though to fit in with his thoughts, he heard the voice of the captain saying: 'We'll reef at once; take in two reefs while you are about it, and be quick, so as to be finished before the rain comes on and the men get wet.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' was the answer.

'Bosen's mate, clear lower deck, reef topsails; here, messenger, tell first lieutenant two reefs. Weather topsail braces, hands by the topsail halliards, away aloft, round in, lower the topsails!' And as he ceased speaking the rigging was swarming with men.

It happened to be Lathom's watch, and though an acting sub the commander still kept him in the top on account of his smartness, and at this moment he fully justified the opinion by going aloft a couple of ratlines start, keeping up the lead till the maintop was reached.

By the time the men were in the top the yards were on the cap and laid.

'Trice up! lay out—two reefs!' roared the commander, and the captain of the maintop being sick, and Lathom not having the same confidence in the second captain, who had taken over his duty, was now out at the weather yardarm outside the lift, hauling up the reef earing, having got there in far quicker time than it takes to relate. He was closely followed by William Brown, the acting captain of the maintop.

'Them idiots never 'arf pulls them reef tackles,' he exclaimed, always ready for a growl at the deck hands, and failing to see that the rope was jammed.

'Never mind the reef tackles,' said Lathom. 'Come on, lads, light out to windward; let us beat the fore anyway; one, two, three, out with her,' and as he spoke putting out his whole strength to haul at the earing. 'Once more—again, so—another inch—that's it!' he continued, working vigorously all the time, but as he exclaimed in a tone of satisfaction, 'that's it,' alas! the earing, being somewhat worn, carried away, and Charlie, clutching wildly at the air, fell backward off the yard. Brown, seeing his hold relax, with marvellous quickness made a grab at the foot of the poor lad, and, catching it, for one second arrested that downward flight. But it was of no avail, for the thin shoe which Charlie was wont to wear on board ship came off in his hand and, unchecked, its wearer fell.

'Stand from under!' shouted the gunner, for fear lest others should be struck by the falling weight; and even as he shouted Charlie fell straight into the gangway with the dull, sickening thud which is as impossible to describe as it is, alas, impossible to forget by those whose misfortune it has been to have heard it once, and seen the poor crushed form as it lay so lifeless and still. A dozen pair of strong arms at once raised the fallen officer and carried him to the sick-bay. For an instant the whole after-part of the ship seemed paralysed, then, suddenly roused to a sense of their duty, Brown took the place

whence Lathom had so recently fallen, cleared the reef tackle, and secured the earing. The men laid in off the yard and the sails were hoisted. A spectator might have been led to believe that no one cared a straw for the terrible tragedy so lately enacted; had he done so, he would have mistaken for heartlessness what was merely the result of discipline and routine, for, unless he had been in the maintop, he could not have heard Jones remark to his pal: 'Sam, if that there shoe had only a-held on we'd a-saved him, for I'd never a-let go, no, not if I'd a-had to go an' all. Now he'll never go aloft no more, except it's for a "full due," and we've lost the best officer I ever saw above a deadeye!'

CHAPTER XXVII.

‘GOOD-BYE!’

A HUSH seemed to have fallen over the ship so lately full of sounds of life. As though by mutual consent, no one spoke of the terrible sight so lately witnessed, while awaiting the arrival of the doctor in silent suspense. And what a long time it seemed before he came! It is only in moments such as these that people are apt to realise the superiority of a doctor over his fellow-men, when, in the presence of his knowledge and skill, we are obliged to stand helpless, useless and idle, for while he is working we can do naught but wait his verdict of life or death. He came on deck at last, but looking grave and sad. He was a good fellow, and this accident to his brave young shipmate had touched him deeply. By his face all at once could read how little hope there was, indeed the wonder was that he could tell them that Lathom was still alive. He was so severely injured, he said, that his time on earth must be short, indeed it would not be kind to wish him to live, as, should he do so, he must be a cripple all his days. The sorrow was universal, and a cloud

of melancholy settled down upon this, till now, happy homeward-bound ship. The next day, in answer to eager inquiries, it was learned that Lathom was still conscious. His worst injuries were chiefly internal ones, which left him, as far as outward appearance went, the same as usual, and to see him lying there it was hard to believe that his hours were already numbered.

'Tell me, doctor, shall I die?' he had asked, and seeing the kindly face look grave, he added, 'Out with it, sir, I can bear it. I see I shall die, but tell me how soon. How good it is of you to mind,' he went on, taking the hand of the doctor, which he had given him instead of the words he felt unable to speak. 'Yes, sir, you need not tell me; I only want to know how long do you think I shall last?'

'About thirty-six hours,' he answered, turning away his face.

'Thank you;' and, exhausted by this brief conversation, Charlie sank back on to his pillows. 'I must say good-bye to my messmates,' he said presently.

'You shall,' was the promise, 'but not just yet. Now I have been asked to tell you that West wanted to see you; shall I let him in?'

'Yes, please,' and a moment more Johnny, wearing a scared look, as the young often do in the presence of sickness or death, had entered the room.

His friend put on a bright smile, as though to reassure him, and it did so, for his visitor brightened at once.

'Is it true?' he whispered; 'are you—are you——?'

'Yes,' answered Charlie, 'it is true, I am going to die; but you mustn't mind, old chap, it is no good grieving,' for Johnny had taken his hand and looked as though unable to speak. 'It would be no good stopping here like this,' giving a downward glance at the coverlet, which concealed his crippled limbs. 'I thought,' he said with a smile, 'that you made it a rule never to worry over what cannot be helped;' and then he added, 'This cannot be helped, old boy, can it?'

'Oh! Charlie, don't, don't talk like that, as though it

did not matter. I am a heartless brute, I know, but I cannot see you die.'

'But you have got to do it, so bear it like—like I shall,' he added for want of a better simile.

'You!' exclaimed the other; 'you're a hero, Charlie, and you've proved it often too; but'—and he dashed his hand angrily across his eyes, as though furious at their inclination to tears—'Charlie, I may be heartless, but I am not going to lose you without telling the truth about your having suffered for my fault.'

'Nonsense,' was the answer, 'you must not do anything of the kind.'

'No, it is not fair—it is not right; *she* would despise me were I to sneak out of it now.'

'Ah, Muriel,' said Charlie with a sigh, and as he spoke his head fell back, for this conversation had wearied him, and softly whispering 'Muriel; ah! my darling, we shall never meet again,' he sank back, relapsing into only partial consciousness of his surroundings.

When West reappeared on deck he seemed changed, for there was a look of resolution in his eyes, which were suspiciously wet, and he shunned his messmates, who would have spoken to him, and sat apart, seemingly buried in thought. That afternoon the ship cast anchor at Malta. As soon as the boats were lowered and made fast to the booms, and the ship trimmed for harbour, without even waiting to shift into plain clothes, West, obtaining leave, hailed a boat and went ashore. At the Club he made various inquiries, which resulted in his writing two notes and despatching them at once to their destinations. Then he returned on board. On his arrival he learned that Charlie was rapidly losing strength, the doctor saying that he would probably die that night. When Lathom had made the doctor tell him this, he had said, 'Let my shipmates know, and I will say good-bye.'

One by one the senior officers walked silently in and shook him by the hand. To each the poor lad gave a bright smile, for he had no breath for speech—and it was smiling thus bravely that they thought of him in after

years. Then he said: ‘Let in my messmates,’ and his friends in the gun-room came trooping in.

‘I want to say good-bye,’ he said to them faintly.

‘Let me speak first,’ exclaimed West, going towards his dying friend and taking him by the hand.

Overmastered by the vigour of health and determination, Charlie was silent, and could only look wistfully at his friend, as though to implore him not to speak that which he knew was in his mind.

‘You fellows,’ said Johnny, ‘we are losing the best fellow whoever came on board a ship, and I am losing the best friend anyone ever had.’

A gentle pressure of the hand thanked him as he went on.

‘You none of you know him’—now clearing his throat, as though determined to choke down the lump within, for had he not ‘the hereafter in which to weep’? ‘When we were at Malta, on our way out, there was a duel—Lathom fought—I ran away. I, like a coward, asked him to shield me—and—he did—for you cut him and you praised me.’

Naturally these words produced some commotion, and all looked at the speaker with incredulity, but, standing there, clasping the hand of his dying friend, his face gave no room for disbelief.

‘If you doubt me, I will prove it,’ he said; then raising his voice, ‘Sentry, pass the word for those two gentlemen,’ but it seemed there was no need, they were waiting without, and, even as he spoke, entered the cabin.

The newcomers were two young fellows, strangers to most of those present. They were the officers of the—— Regiment whom Charlie had met at the polo-ground. Now that he had determined to make amends—alas! too late—West was not going to do the thing by halves, and he had sent for them.

‘These are Mr. Jones and Mr. Howard,’ he said. ‘I will not offer them my hand, because I doubt if they would take it,’ and he gave a little bow in their direction.

‘Gentlemen, which of us two is the one who fought, and which the one who ran away?’

‘That is the gentleman from whom I had the honour to receive this scar,’ replied Howard, baring his arm to the elbow, ‘and when he fought he was alone.’

‘I was not there?’

‘No, you were not; we heard afterwards that you were waiting about until it was over.’

‘And so you sent me a white feather. Is it not so?’

‘It is,’ answered Jones, blushing slightly. ‘It may have been wrong of us.’

‘The only wrong is,’ said Johnny, ‘that you directed it to the wrong person. Mr. Lathom here received the white feather, and I the congratulation.’

They looked at each other in amazement.

‘But,’ began Howard.

‘Yes,’ smiled West, in withering self-scorn, ‘you were going to say—I suppose, that I put it right?’

The young soldier nodded.

‘But I didn’t,’ continued the self-accuser, ‘and *he*,’ looking down at his friend, ‘never put it right either. Now I think I have proved my words, have I not?’ turning towards his messmates.

But every eye was bent upon Charlie, who looked as though he wished to speak. Disengaging his hand from that of his friend, he raised it, and, taking a breath like one who has need to make an effort for speech, he began, and what he said came in short jerky gasps, as though he spoke in pain.

‘This is true, but I am going to die, and let this affair end. Messmates,’ he went on, looking kindly at the sorrowful faces around him, ‘though you treated me badly it was not your fault; it was I who willed it so. I forgive you all if there be need. Now do me a favour—the last one I ever shall ask.’

‘What is it?’ murmured more than one. ‘Of course we will.’

‘Let this be buried with me; a fault was committed, and I expiated it; do not let West have to expiate it

again; he is sorry for what he did. All of you promise me to forgive him.'

'We promise,' they answered with one accord.

'Then come here, each of you now, for I am very tired, and shake his hand, and then shake mine, to say good-bye.'

One by one they approached. With his face bent down, not caring to look up, West gave his hand to his messmates, who then in turn took that of Lathom, and, unable to trust themselves to speak, they pressed it in silence. Then the two soldier officers also, saying, 'May we, too, join in company with your wish, sir?' taking Johnny's half-resisting hand, wrung it heartily, then, bowing low, they each in turn clasped the outstretched one of the noble lad who had behaved so grandly and unselfishly. What a pity it seemed that he who had acted so splendidly in the miniature world of his boyhood could not live to be a man!

'Good-bye,' they said; 'it shall be our lifelong boast that we have met you.'

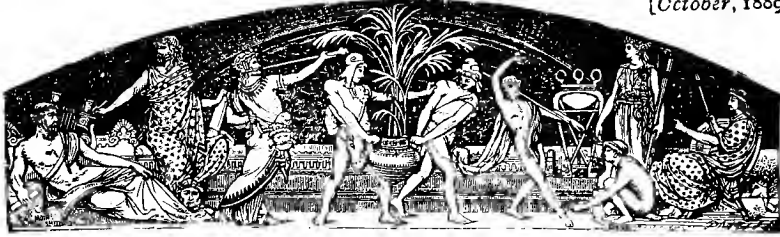
Charlie smiled wearily, and a moment more they had all gone, all except West, who was kneeling by the bed, his face hidden in the coverings.

'Johnny,' said his friend after an interval, 'you'll tell Muriel I thought of her.'

'Yes,' sobbed the other. And then Charlie spoke again, but oh, so softly and sadly!

'Johnny, I do love her so! Will you tell her that too?'

'Yes, I will.' He never raised his head as he answered, and there he knelt, expecting every moment to hear his friend speak again, but he never did. Presently he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and a kindly voice was saying to him: 'Come away, lad, for he has left us.'



A LIST OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

214, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-free for the published price by the Publishers.

Abbé Constantin (The) By LUDOVIC HALEVY, of the French Academy. Translated into English. With 36 Photogravure Illustrations by Goupil & Co., after the Drawings of Madame MADELEINE LEMAIRE. Only 250 copies of this choice book have been printed (in large quarto) for the English market, each one numbered. The price may be learned from any Bookseller.

About.—The Fellah: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Adams (W. Davenport), Works by:

A Dictionary of the Drama. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. Crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*Preparing.*]

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Agony Column (The) of "The Times," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Aidé (Hamilton), Works by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Carr of Carryon. | Confidences.

Alexander (Mrs.), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Maid, Wife, or Widow?
Valerie's Fate.

Allen (Grant), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

The Evolutionist at Large.

Vignettes from Nature.

Colin Clout's Calendar.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Strange Stories. With a Frontispiece by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The Beckoning Hand. With a Frontispiece by TOWNLEY GREEN.

Phyllis. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Babylon: A Romance.

For Maimie's Sake.

In all Shades.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

The Devil's Die. | **This Mortal Coil.**

The Tents of Shem. [*Shortly.*]

Architectural Styles, A Handbook of. Translated from the German of A. ROSENGARTEN, by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 639 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Arnold.—Bird Life in England.

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Art (The) of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. With 300 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Artemus Ward :

Artemus Ward's Works: The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Genial Showman: Life and Adventures of Artemus Ward. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Cl. 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Ashton (John), Works by :

Crown 2vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d., each.

A History of the Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century With nearly 400 Illustrations, engraved in facsimile of the originals.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne From Original Sources. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First. With 115 Illustrations.

Modern Street Ballads. With 57 Illustrations.

Bacteria.—A Synopsis of the

Bacteria and Yeast Fungi and Allied Species. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Bankers, A Handbook of London;

together with Lists of Bankers from 1677. By F. G. HILTON PRICE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bardsley (Rev. C.W.), Works by :

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.

Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Barrett.—Fettered for Life.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane," &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

Beaconsfield, Lord: A Biography.

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Beauchamp. — Grantley

Grange: A Novel. By SHELLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illust. hds., 2s.

Beautiful Pictures by British

Artists: A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s.

Bechstein. — As Pretty as

Seven, and other German Stories. Collected by LUNWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illusts. by RICHTER. Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Beerbohm. — Wanderings in

Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Bennett (W.C., LL.D.), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. each.

A Ballad History of England.

Songs for Sailors.

Besant (Walter) and James

Rice, Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. hds., 2s. each; cl. limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

My Little Girl.

With Harp and Crown.

This Son of Vulcan.

The Golden Butterfly.

The Monks of Thelema.

By Cella's Arbour.

The Chaplain of the Fleet.

The Seamy Side.

The Case of Mr. Lucreft, &c.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, &c.

The Ten Years' Tenant, &c.

Besant (Walter), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men: An Impossible Story. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.

The Captains' Room, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.

All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.

Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.

Uncle Jack, and other Stories.

Children of Gibeon.

The World Went Very Well Then. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

BESANT (WALTER), continued—

- Herr Paulus:** His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall. With a New PREFACE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
For Faith and Freedom. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
To Call her Mine, &c. With Nine Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
The Holy Rose, &c. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [Shortly].
The Bell of St. Paul's. Three Vols., crown 8vo.
Fifty Years Ago. With 137 full-page Plates and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 16s.
The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. With Photograph Portrait. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
The Art of Fiction. Demy 8vo, 1s.

**New Library Edition of
Besant and Rice's Novels.**

The whole 12 Volumes, printed from new type on a large crown 8vo page, and handsomely bound in cloth, are now ready, price Six Shillings each.

1. **Ready—Money Mortiboy.** With Etched Portrait of JAMES RICE.
2. **My Little Girl.**
3. **With Harp and Crown.**
4. **This Son of Vulcan.**
5. **The Golden Butterfly.** With Etched Portrait of WALTER BESANT.
6. **The Monks of Thelema.**
7. **By Celia's Arbour.**
8. **The Chaplain of the Fleet.**
9. **The Seamy Side.**
10. **The Case of Mr. Lucraft, &c.**
11. **'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, &c.**
12. **The Ten Years' Tenant, &c.**

Betham-Edwards (M.)—Felicia
 By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Bewick (Thomas) and his Pupils. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illusts. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Blackburn's (Henry) Art Hand-books.

- Academy Notes,** separate years, from 1875 to 1887, and 1889, each 1s.
Academy Notes, 1890. With numerous Illustrations. 1s. [Preparing].
Academy Notes, 1875–79. Complete in One Volume, with about 500 Facsimile Illustrations. Cloth limp, 6s.
Academy Notes, 1880–84. Complete in One Volume, with about 700 Facsimile Illustrations. Cloth limp, 6s.
Academy Notes, 1885–89. Complete in One Vol., with about 600 Illustrations. Cloth limp, 7s. 6d.

BLACKBURN (HENRY), continued—

- Grosvenor Notes, 1877.** 6d.
Grosvenor Notes, separate years, from 1878 to 1889, each 1s.
Grosvenor Notes, 1890. With numerous Illusts. 1s. [Preparing].
Grosvenor Notes, Vol. I., 1877–82. With upwards of 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.
Grosvenor Notes, Vol. II., 1883–87. With upwards of 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.
The New Gallery, 1888. With numerous Illustrations. 1s.
The New Gallery, 1889. With numerous Illustrations. 1s.
The English Pictures at the National Gallery. 114 Illustrations. 1s.
The Old Masters at the National Gallery. 128 Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
A Complete Illustrated Catalogue to the National Gallery. With Notes by H. BLACKBURN, and 242 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 3s.

The Paris Salon, 1890. With 300 Facsimile Sketches. 3s. [Preparing].

Blake (William): Etchings from his Works. By W. B. SCOTT. With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, India Proofs, 21s.

Blind.—The Ascent of Man:
 A Poem. By MATHILDE BLIND. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, cloth extra, 5s.

Bourne (H. R. Fox), Works by:
English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 25s.

Bowers' (G.) Hunting Sketches:
 Oblong 4to, half-bound boards, 21s. each
Canters in Crampshire.
 Leaves from a Hunting Journal
 Coloured in facsimile of the originals.

Boyle (Frederick), Works by:
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Camp Notes: Stories of Sport and Adventure in Asia, Africa, America.
Savage Life: Adventures of a Globe-Trotter.

Chronicles of No-Man's Land.
 Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities, chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Bret Harte, Works by :

LIBRARY EDITION, Complete in Five Vols., cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 6s. each.

Bret Harte's Collected Works: LIBRARY EDITION. Arranged and Revised by the Author.

Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Portrait, and Introduction by Author.

Vol. II. EARLIER PAPERS—LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and other Sketches —BOHEMIAN PAPERS — SPANISH AND AMERICAN LEGENDS.

Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS —EASTERN SKETCHES.

Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY.

Vol. V. STORIES — CONDENSED NOVELS. &c.

The Select Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW. Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Complete Poetical Works. Author's Copyright Edition. Printed on hand-made paper and bound in buckram. Cr. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

The Queen of the Pirate Isle. With 28 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY. Reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Sm. 4to, bds., 5s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Gabriel Conroy.

An Helress of Red Dog, &c.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches.

Californian Stories (including THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY, &c.)

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each ; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Filip. | **Maruja.**

A Phyllis of the Sierras.

A Waif of the Plains. [Shortly.]

Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. each.

The Twins of Table Mountain.

Jeff Briggs's Love Story.

Brewer (Rev. Dr.), Works by :

The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Facts, and Stories. Twelfth Thousand. With Appendix, containing a COMPLETE ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Cr. 8vo, cloth 7s. 6d.

BREWER (Rev. Dr.), continued—

Authors and their Works, with the Dates: Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. Crown 8vo, cloth extra 7s. 6d.

Brewster (Sir David), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.

More Worlds than One: The Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. With Plates.

The Martyrs of Science: Lives of GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.

Letters on Natural Magic. A New Edition, with numerous Illustrations, and Chapters on the Being and Faculties of Man, and Additional Phenomena of Natural Magic, by J. A. SMITH.

Brillat-Savarin.—Gastronomy

as a Fine Art. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid-paper and half-bound, 2s.

Brydges. — Uncle Sam at

Home. By HAROLD BRYDGES. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. ; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Buchanan's (Robert) Works:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour. With a Frontispiece by ARTHUR HUGHES.

Selected Poems of Robert Buchanan.

With a Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.

The Earthquake; or, Six Days and a Sabbath.

The City of Dream: An Epic Poem.

With Two Illusts. by P. MACNAB.

Second Edition.

Robert Buchanan's Complete Poetical Works. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each ; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.

The Shadow of the Sword.

A Child of Nature. With a Frontispiece.

God and the Man. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.

The Martyrdom of Madeline. With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.

Love Me for Ever. With a Frontispiece by P. MACNAB.

Annan Water. | **The New Abeldar.**

Foxglove Manor.

Matt: A Story of a Caravan.

The Master of the Mine.

The Heir of Linne.

Burton (Captain).—The Book of the Sword: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By RICHARD F. BURTON. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 32s.

Burton (Robert):

The Anatomy of Melancholy. A New Edition, complete, corrected and enriched by Translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Melancholy Anatomised: Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Caine (T. Hall), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Shadow of a Crime.

A Son of Hagar.

The Deemster: A Romance of the Isle of Man.

Cameron (Commander).—

The Cruise of the "Black Prince" Privateer. By V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 5s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Cameron (Mrs. H. Lovett), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Juliet's Guardian. | **Deceivers Ever.**

Carlyle (Thomas):

On the Choice of Books. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With a Life of the Author by R. H. SHEPHERD. New and Revised Edition, post 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, 1s. 6d.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834 to 1872. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 24s.

Chapman's (George) Works:

Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.; or separately, 6s. each.

Chatto & Jackson.—A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical. By WM. ANDREW CHATTO and JOHN JACKSON. With an Additional Chapter by HENRY G. BOHN; and 450 fine Illustrations. A Reprint of the last Revised Edition. Large 4to, half-bound, 28s.

Chaucer:

Chaucer for Children: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H.R. HAWES. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author. New Ed., small 4to, cloth extra, 6s.

Chaucer for Schools. By Mrs. H. R. HAWES. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Clodd.—Myths and Dreams.

By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S., Author of "The Story of Creation," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Cobban.—The Cure of Souls:

A Story. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Coleman (John), Works by:

Players and Playwrights I have Known. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 24s.

Curly: An Actor's Romance. With Illustrations by J. C. DOLLMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Collins (Churton).—A Mono-

graph on Dean Swift. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. [Shortly.]

Collins (C. Allston).—The Bar-

Snister: A Story. By C. ALLSTON COLLINS. Post 8vo, illustrated hds., 2s.

Collins (Mortimer), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Sweet Anne Page.

Transmigration.

From Midnight to Midnight.

A Fight with Fortune. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Collins (Mortimer & Frances),

Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Blacksmith and Scholar.

The Village Comedy.

You Play Me False.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each, Sweet and Twenty.

Frances.

Collins (Wilkie), Novels by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each ;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each ;
cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Antonina. Illust. by Sir JOHN GILBERT.
Basil. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

Hide and Seek. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

The Dead Secret. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT.

Queen of Hearts. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT

My Miscellanies. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.

The Woman in White. With Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.

The Moonstone. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

Man and Wife. Illust. by W. SMALL.

Poor Miss Finch. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

Miss or Mrs. P. With Illustrations by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.

The New Magdalen. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.

The Frozen Deep. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.

The Law and the Lady. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and SYDNEY HALL.

The Two Destinies.

The Haunted Hotel. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

The Fallen Leaves.

Jezebel's Daughter.

The Black Robe.

Heart and Science: A Story of the Present Time.

"I Say No."

The Evil Genius.

Little Novels.

The Legacy of Cain. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Blind Love. With a Preface by WALTER BESANT, and Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [Shortly.]

Colman's Humorous Works:

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Colquhoun.—Every Inch a Soldier:

A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Convalescent ? Cookery:

A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Conway (Moncure D.), Works by:

Demonology and Devil-Lore. Third Edition. Two Vols., royal 8vo, with 65 Illustrations, 28s.

A Necklace of Stories. Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Pine and Palm: A Novel. Cheaper Ed. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. [Shortly.]

Cook (Dutton), Novels by :

Leo. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Paul Foster's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Copyright. — A Handbook of

English and Foreign Copyright in Literary and Dramatic Works. By SIDNEY JERROLD. Post 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.

Cornwall.—Popular Romances

of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. New and Revised Edition, with Additions, and Two Steel-plate Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Craddock. — The Prophet of

the Great Smoky Mountains. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo illust. bds., 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Cruikshank (George):

The Comic Almanack. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR OF THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2,000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, two very thick volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

The Life of George Cruikshank. By BLANCHARD JERROLD, Author of "The Life of Napoleon III.," &c. With 84 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition, enlarged, with Additional Plates, and a very carefully compiled Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Cumming (C. F. Gordon), Works

by:
Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d. each.
In the Hebrides. With Autotype Facsimile and numerous full-page Illusts.
In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains. With numerous Illusts.

Via Cornwall to Egypt. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Cussans.—Handbook of Heraldry; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Entirely New and Revised Edition, illustrated with over 400 Woodcuts and Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Cyples.—Hearts of Gold: A Novel. By WILLIAM CYPLES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Daniel.—Merrie England in the Olden Time. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBT. CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Daudet.—The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated by C. HARRY MELTZER. With Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Davenant.—Hints for Parents on the Choice of a Profession or Trade for their Sons. By FRANCIS DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Davies (Dr. N. E.), Works by:
Crown 8vo, 1s. each; cloth limp, 1s. 6d. each.

One Thousand Medical Maxims. **Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide.** **Foods for the Fat: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.**

Aids to Long Life. Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 12s.

Daylight Land: The Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, of Judge JOHN DOE, Tourist; CEPHAS PEPPERELL, Capitalist; Colonel GOFFE, and others, in their Excursion over Prairie and Mountain. By W. H. MURRAY. With 140 Illusts. in colours. Small 4to, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

De Maistre.—A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

De Mille.—A Castle in Spain: A Novel. By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Derwent (Leith), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

Dickens (Charles), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Sketches by Boz. | Nicholas Nickleby
Pickwick Papers. | Oliver Twist.

The Speeches of Charles Dickens, 1841–1870. With a New Bibliography, revised and enlarged. Edited and Prefaced by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

About England with Dickens. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Dictionaries:

A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an Appendix, containing a Complete English Bibliography. Eleventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, 1,400 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Authors and their Works, with the Dates. Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

A Dictionary of the Drama: Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. A thick volume, crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*In preparation.*]

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, M.A. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Slang Dictionary: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary. By FRANCES HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Diderot.—**The Paradox of Acting.** Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Cr. 8vo, in parchment, 4s. 6d.

Dobson (W. T.), Works by :
Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics.
Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities.

Donovan (Dick), Detective Stories by :

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each;
cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Man-hunter: Stories from the Note-book of a Detective.
Caught at Last!

Drama, A Dictionary of the. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Play-houses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest to the Present Times. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. (Uniform with BREWER'S "Reader's Handbook.") Crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*In preparation.*]

Dramatists, The Old. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Vignette Portraits, 6s. per Vol.
Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by Wm. GIFFORD. Edit. by Col. CUNNINGHAM. 3 Vols.

Chapman's Works. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including doubtful ones; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Dyer.—**The Folk Lore of Plants.** By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Edgcumbe.—**Zephyrus: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate.** By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

Eggleston.—**Roxy: A Novel.** By EDWARD EGLESTON. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Early English Poets. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems. One Vol.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Two Vols.

Herrick's (Robert) Complete Collected Poems. Three Vols.

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works. Three Vols.

Edwardes (Mrs. A.), Novels by:

A Point of Honour. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Archie Lovell. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Emanuel.—**On Diamonds and Precious Stones:** their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, tinted and plain. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Ewald (Alex. Charles, F.S.A.), Works by:

The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany, commonly called the Young Pretender. From the State Papers and other Sources. New and Cheaper Edition, with a Portrait, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Stories from the State Papers. With an Autotype Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Englishman's House, The: A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House; with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Fourth Edition. With Coloured Frontispiece and nearly 600 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Eyes, Our: How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., &c. Seventh Edition (Twelfth Thousand). With 70 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.

Farrer (James Anson), Works by:

Military Manners and Customs. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

War: Three Essays, Reprinted from "Military Manners," Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Faraday (Michael), Works by :

Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.

The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Fin-Bec. — The Cupboard

Papers: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Fireworks, The Complete Art

of Making; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. A New Edition, Revised throughout and greatly Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Fitzgerald (Percy), Works by :

The World Behind the Scenes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Little Essays: Passages from the Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

A Day's Tour: A Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches in facsimile of the Original Drawings. Crown 4to picture cover, 1s.

Fatal Zero: A Homburg Diary. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Bella Donna. | **Never Forgotten.**
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street
Polly. | **The Lady of Brantome.**

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems:

Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Cr. 8vo, cloth hds., 6s.

Fonblanque.—Filthy Lucre: A

Novel. By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Frederic. — Seth's Brother's

Wife: A Novel. By HAROLD FREDERIC. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

French Literature, History of.

By HENRY VAN LAUN. Complete in 3 Vols., demy 8vo, cl. hds., 7s. 6d. each.

Francillon (R. E.), Novels by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each;

post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.

One by One. | **A Real Queen.**
Queen Cophetua.

Olympia. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Esther's Glove. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

King or Knave: A Novel. Cheaper Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Romances of the Law. Frontispiece by D. H. FRISTON. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Frenzeny.—Fifty Years on the

Trall: The Adventures of JOHN Y. NELSON, Scout, Guide, and Interpreter, in the Wild West. By HARRINGTON O'REILLY. With over 100 Illustrations by PAUL FRENZENY. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 3s. 6d.; cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Frere.—Pandurang Hari ; or,

Memoirs of a Hindoo. With a Preface by Sir H. BARTLE FRERE, G.C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Friswell.—One of Two: A Novel.

By HAIN FRISWELL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Frost (Thomas), Works by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Circus Life and Circus Celebrities.
The Lives of the Conjurors.

Old Showmen and Old London Fairs.

Fry's (Herbert) Royal Guide

to the London Charities, 1888-9. Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Gardening Books:

Post 8vo, 1s. each; cl. limp, 1s. 6d. each.

A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden.

By GEORGE GLENNY.

Our Kitchen Garden: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them.

By TOM JERROLD.

Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

My Garden Wild, and What I Grow there. By F. G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.; gilt edges, 6s.

Garrett.—The Capel Girls: A

Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Gentleman's Magazine (The) for 1889.—1s. Monthly.—In addition to the Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, for which this Magazine has so high a reputation, "Table Talk" by SYLVANUS URBAN appears monthly.

*** Bound Volumes for recent years are kept in stock, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d. each; Cases for binding, 2s. each.*

Gentleman's Annual (The). Published Annually in November. In picture cover. Demy 8vo, 1s. The Annual for 1889 is written by T. W. SPEIGHT, Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," and is entitled "Thereby Hangs a Tale."

German Popular Stories. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations on Steel by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Gibbon (Charles), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Robin Gray.	The Braes of Yar-
What will the	row.
World Say?	A Heart's Prob-
Queen of the	lem.
Meadow.	The Golden Shaft.
The Flower of the	Of High Degree.
Forest.	Loving a Dream.

In Honour Bound.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Dead Heart.
For Lack of Gold.
For the King. | In Pastures Green.
In Love and War.
By Mead and Stream.
A Hard Knot. | Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money. [Preparing.

Gilbert (William), Novels by:
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Dr. Austin's Guests.
The Wizard of the Mountain.
James Duke, Costermonger.

Gilbert (W. S.), Original Plays by: In Two Series, each complete in itself, price 2s. 6d. each.

THE FIRST SERIES contains—The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

THE SECOND SERIES contains—Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. Pinafore—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

GILBERT (W. S.), continued—

Eight Original Comic Operas. Written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Glenny.—A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Godwin.—Lives of the Necromancers. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, limp, 2s.

Golden Library, The:

Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth limp, 2s. per Volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

Bennett's (Dr. W. C.) Ballad History of England.

Bennett's (Dr.) Songs for Sailors.

Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Introduction by SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. All the original illustrations.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of a Country Life.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D.

Pope's Poetical Works. Complete.

Roche foucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Gowing. — Five Thousand Miles in a Sledge: A Mid-winter Journey Across Siberia, By LIONEL F. GOWING. With a Map by E. WELLS, and 30 Illustrations by C. J. WREN. Large cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. [Shortly.

Graham. — The Professor's
Wife : A Story. By LEONARD GRAHAM.
 Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Greeks and Romans, The Life
of the, Described from Antique Monu-
 ments. By ERNST GUHL and W.
 KONER. Translated from the Third
 German Edition, and Edited by Dr.
 F. HUEFFER. 545 Illusts. New and
 Cheaper Edition, large crown 8vo,
 cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Greenaway (Kate) and Bret
Harte.—The Queen of the Pirate
Isle. By BRET HARTE. With 25
 original Drawings by KATE GREEN-
 AWAY, Reproduced in Colours by E.
 EVANS. Sm. 4to, bds., 5s.

Greenwood (James), Works by :
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The Wilds of London.
Low-Life Deepes : An Account of the
 Strange Fish to be Found There.

Greville (Henry), Novels by :
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
Nikanor : A Russian Novel. Trans-
 lated by ELIZA E. CHASE.
A Noble Woman. Translated by A.
 VANDAM. [Shortly.]

Habberton (John), Author of
"Helen's Babies," Novels by :
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each ;
 cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Brueton's Bayou.
Country Luck.

Hair (The) : Its Treatment in
Health, Weakness, and Disease.
 Translated from the German of Dr. J.
 PINCUS. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hake (Dr. Thomas Gordon),
Poems by :
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
New Symbols.
Legends of the Morrow.
The Serpent Play.

Malden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth
 extra, 8s.

Hall.—Sketches of Irish Cha-
acter. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With
 numerous Illustrations on Steel and
 Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY,
 and G. CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo,
 cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Halliday.—Every-day Papers.
 By ANDREW HALLIDAY. Post 8vo,
 illustrated boards, 2s.

Handwriting, The Philosophy
of. With over 100 Facsimiles and Ex-
 planatory Text. By DON FELIX DE
 SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.

Hanky-Panky : A Collection of
Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks,
White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c.
 Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200
 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Hardy (Lady Duffus). — Paul
Wynter's Sacrifice : A Story. By Lady
 DUFFUS HARDY. Post 8vo, illust. bs., 2s

Hardy (Thomas).—Under the
Greenwood Tree. By THOMAS HARDY,
 Author of "Far from the Madding
 Crowd." With numerous Illustrations.
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Harwood.—The Tenth Earl.
 By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo,
 illustrated boards, 2s.

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Works by :
 Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
The Art of Beauty. With Coloured
 Frontispiece and numerous Illusts.
The Art of Decoration. With nu-
 merous Illustrations.
Chaucer for Children : A Golden
 Key. With Eight Coloured Pictures
 and numerous Woodcuts.

The Art of Dress. With numerous
 Illustrations. Small 8vo, illustrated
 cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.
Chaucer for Schools. Demy 8vo,
 cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.).—American
Humorists : WASHINGTON IRVING,
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES
 RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD,
 MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. By
 Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Hawley Smart. — Without
Love or Licence : A Novel. By
 HAWLEY SMART. Three Vols., crown
 8vo. [Shortly.]

Hawthorne (Julian), Novels by.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each ;
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Garth. Sebastian Strome.
Ellice Quentin. Dust.
Fortune's Fool. Beatrix Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Miss Cadogna. Love—or a Name.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds.
 Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.
The Spectre of the Camera. Crown
 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
A Dream and a Forgetting. Post
 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hays.—Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By FRANCES HAYS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Heath (F. G.). — My Garden Wild, and What I Grew There. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of "The Fern World," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.; cl. gilt, gilt edges, 6s.

Helps (Sir Arthur), Works by:
Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Animals and their Masters.
Social Pressure.

Ivan de Biron: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Henderson.—Agatha Page: A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON, Author of "The Prelate." Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Herman.—One Traveller Returns: A Romance. By HENRY HERMAN and D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides, Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D., Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 18s.

Hesse - Warteegg (Chevalier Ernst von), Works by:

Tunls: The Land and the People. With 22 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.

The New South West: Travelling Sketches from Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Northern Mexico. With 100 fine Illustrations and Three Maps. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s. [*In preparation.*]

Hindley (Charles), Works by:

Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings: Including the Origin of Signs, and Reminiscences connected with Taverns, Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack. By One of the Fraternity. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hoey.—The Lover's Creed. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Holmes (O. Wendell), Works by:
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.—Another Edition in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table; with the Story of Iris. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Holmes. — The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation: A Popular Manual for the Use of Speakers and Singers. By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hood (Thomas):

Hood's Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. Including the Cream of the COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. With all the original Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Hood (Tom).—From Nowhere to the North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works, including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns and Hoaxes. With a New Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hooper.—The House of Raby: A Novel. By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Horse (The) and his Rider: An Anecdotic Medley. By "THORMANBY." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hopkins—"Twixt Love and Duty:" A Novel. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Horne. —Orion: An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By RICHARD HENRIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait from a Medallion by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Hunt (Mrs. Alfred), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Thornicroft's Model.

The Leaden Casket.

Self-Condemned.

That other Person.

Hunt.—Essays by Leigh Hunt.

A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Hydrophobia: an Account of M.

PASTEUR's System. Containing a Translation of all his Communications on the Subject, the Technique of his Method, and the latest Statistical Results. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B., C.M. Edin., and M.D. Paris, Commissioned by the Government of the Colony of Mauritius to study M. PASTEUR's new Treatment in Paris. With 7 illustrs. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Indoor Paupers. By ONE OF

THEM. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Ingelow.—Fated to be Free: A

Novel. By JEAN INGELow. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Irish Wit and Humour, Songs

of. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.

James.—A Romance of the

Queen's Hounds. By CHARLES JAMES. Post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

Janvier.—Practical Ceramics

for Students. By CATHERINE A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Jay (Harriett), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.

Jefferies (Richard), Works by:

Nature near London. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.; post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.
The Life of the Fields. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
The Open Air. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.
The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By WALTER BESANT. Second Ed. Photo. Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Jennings (H. J.), Works by:

Curiosities of Criticism. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Jerrold (Tom), Works by:

Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
The Garden that Paid the Rent.
Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
Our Kitchen Garden: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them.

Jesse.—Scenes and Occupa-

tions of a Country Life. By EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Jeux d'Esprit. Collected and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

"John Herring," Novels by

the Author of:
Red Spider. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.
Eve. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Jones (Wm., F.S.A.), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
Finger-Ring Lore: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With over Two Hundred Illustrations.

Credulities, Past and Present; including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c With an Etched Frontispiece.

Crowns and Coronations: A History of Regalia in all Times and Countries. One Hundred Illustrations.

Jonson's (Ben) Works. With

Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.; or separately, 6s. each.

Josephus, The Complete Works

of. Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." Two Vols., 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Kempt.—Pencil and Palette:

Chapters on Art and Artists. By ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Kershaw.—Colonial Facts and

Fictions: Humorous Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Keyser.—Cut by the Mess: A

Novel. By ARTHUR KEYSER. Cr. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d. [Shortly.]

King (R. Ashe), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

Passion's Slave. Three Vols. Crown 8vo. [Shortly.]

Kingsley (Henry), Novels by:

Oakshott Castle. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Number Seventeen. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Knight.—The Patient's Vade

Mecum: How to get most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDW. KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Knights (The) of the Lion: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lamb (Charles):

Lamb's Complete Works, in Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERN. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of Page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

The Essays of Elia. Both Series complete. Post 8vo, laid paper, handsomely half-bound, 2s.

Poetry for Children, and Prince Dorus. By CHARLES LAMB. Carefully reprinted from unique copies. Small 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB. Selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lane's Arabian Nights.—The

Thousand and One Nights: commonly called, in England, "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS." A New Translation from the Arabic with copious Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings on Wood, from Original Designs by WM. HARVEY. A New Edition, from a Copy annotated by the Translator, edited by his Nephew, EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Larwood (Jacob), Works by:

The Story of the London Parks. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Forensic Anecdotes.
Theatrical Anecdotes

Leigh (Henry S.), Works by:

Carols of Cockayne. A New Edition, printed on fcap. 8vo, hand-made paper, and bound in buckram, 5s.

Jeux d'Esprit. Collected and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Leys.—The Lindsays: A Romance of Scottish Life. By JOHN K. LEYS. Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Life in London; or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Linskill.—In Exchange for a Soul. By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven Under the Hill," &c. Cheaper Edit. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Linton (E. Lynn), Works by:

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Witch Stories.

The True Story of Joshua Davidson Ourselves: Essays on Women.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Patricia Kemball.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

The World Well Lost.

Under which Lord?

"My Love!" Lone.

Paston Carew, Millionaire & Miser.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

With a Silken Thread.

The Rebel of the Family.

Longfellow's Poetical Works.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Long Life, Aids to: A Medical,

Dietetic, and General Guide in Health and Disease. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Cr. 8vo, 2s.; cl. limp, 2s. 6d.

Lucy.—Gideon Fleyce: A Novel.

By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Lusiad (The) of Camoens.

Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FRENCH DUFF. Demy 8vo, with Fourteen full-page Plates, cloth boards, 18s.

Macalpine (Avery), Novels by:

Teresa Itasca, and other Stories. Crown 8vo, bound in canvas, 2s. 6d.

Broken Wings. With Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

McCarthy (Justin H., M.P.),

Works by:

An Outline of the History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Ireland since the Union: Sketches of Irish History from 1798 to 1836. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

England under Gladstone, 1880-85. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hafiz in London: Poems. Choicely printed. Small 8vo, gold cloth, 3s. 6d.

Harlequinade: Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, 8s.

Our Sensation Novel. Edited by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Dolly: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

McCarthy (Justin, M.P.), Works

by:

Lily Lass: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cl., 1s. 3d. [*Shortly.*]

A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.—Also a **POPULAR EDITION**, in Four Vols. cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 6s. each.—And a **JUBILEE EDITION**, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, complete in Two Vols., square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

A Short History of Our Own Times. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

History of the Four Georges. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each. [Vol. II. *nearly ready.*]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Dear Lady Disdail.

The Waterdale Neighbours.

A Fair Saxon.

Miss Misanthrope.

Donna Quixote.

The Comet of a Season.

Maid of Athens.

Camliola: A Girl with a Fortune.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Linley Rochford.

My Enemy's Daughter.

"**The Right Honourable:**" A Romance of Society and Politics. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. New and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

MacColl.—Mr. Stranger's

Sealed Packet: A Story of Adventure. By HUGH MACCOLL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

MacDonald.—Works of Fancy

and Imagination. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. Ten Volumes, in handsome cloth case, 21s.—Vol. 1. **WITHIN AND WITHOUT. THE HIDDEN LIFE.**—Vol. 2. **THE DISCIPLE. THE GOSPEL WOMEN. A BOOK OF SONNETS, ORGAN SONGS.**—Vol. 3. **VIOLIN SONGS. SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS. A BOOK OF DREAMS. ROADSIDE POEMS. POEMS FOR CHILDREN.** Vol. 4. **PARABLES. BALLADS. SCOTCH SONGS.**—Vols. 5 and 6. **PHANTASTES: A FAERIE ROMANCE.**—Vol. 7. **THE PORTENT.**—Vol. 8. **THE LIGHT PRINCESS. THE GIANT'S HEART. SHADOWS.**—Vol. 9. **CROSS PURPOSES. THE GOLDEN KEY. THE CARASOYN. LITTLE DAYLIGHT.**—Vol. 10. **THE CRUEL PAINTER. THE WOVEN RIVVEN. THE CASTLE. THE BROKEN SWORDS. THE GRAY WOLF. UNCLE CORNELIUS.**

The Volumes are also sold separately in Grolier-pattern cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Macdonell.—Quaker Cousins:

A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Macgregor.—Pastimes and

Players. Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Mackay.—Interludes and Un-

dertones; or, Music at Twilight. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo cloth extra, 6s.

Maclise Portrait-Gallery (The)

of Illustrious Literary Characters; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century. By WILLIAM BATES, B.A. With 85 Portraits printed on an India Tint. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by:

Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each,

In the Ardennes. With 50 fine Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. With numerous Illusts. by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

Through Normandy. With 90 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Through Brittany. With numerous Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

About Yorkshire. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each,

The Evil Eye, and other Stories.

Lost Rose.

Magician's Own Book (The):

Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Magic Lantern (The), and its

Management: including full Practical Directions for producing the Limelight, making Oxygen Gas, and preparing Lantern Slides. By T. C. HEFORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Magna Charta.

An exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours. 5s.

Mallock (W. H.), Works by :

The New Republic : or, Culture, Faith and Philosophy in an English Country House. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, illustrated boards, 2s.

The New Paul and Virginia : or, Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Poems. Small 4to, in parchment, 8s.

Is Life worth Living? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur : The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Man Hunter (The) : Stories from the Note-book of a Detective. By DICK DONOVAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Mark Twain, Works by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

Roughing It, and The Innocents at Home. With 200 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

The Gilded Age. By MARK TWAIN and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With 212 Illustrations by T. COFFIN.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour. With numerous Illustrations.

A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. With 250 Illustrations by DAN BEARD. [Dec. 6.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, (illustrated), 7s. 6d. each; post 8vo (without Illustrations), illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Innocents Abroad ; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress : "MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP."

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. With 111 Illustrations.

The Prince and the Pauper. With nearly 200 Illustrations.

A Tramp Abroad. With 314 Illus. Life on the Mississippi. With 300 Illustrations.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With 174 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.

The Stolen White Elephant, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Marryat (Florence), Novels by :

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Open! Sesame!

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Harvest of Wild Oats.

Fighting the Air.

Written in Fire.

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Masterman.—Half a Dozen Daughters : A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Matthews.—A Secret of the Sea, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Mayfair Library, The :

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL.

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

The Agony Column of "The Times," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY.

Melancholy Anatomised : A Popular Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."

The Speeches of Charles Dickens. Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics. By W. T. DOBSON.

Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities. Selected and Edited by W. T. DOBSON.

The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC. Original Plays by W. S. GILBERT.

FIRST SERIES. Containing: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Char'ty—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

ORIGINAL PLAYS by W. S. GILBERT. SECOND SERIES. Containing: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. Pinafore—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

Songs of Irish Wit and Humour. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Animals and their Masters. By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS. **Curiosities of Criticism.** By HENRY J. JENNINGS.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON.

MAYFAIR LIBRARY, continued—

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters. By CHAS. LAMB. Selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD.

Forensic Anecdotes; or, Humour and Curiosities of the Law and Men of Law. By JACOB LARWOOD.

Theatrical Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD. [LEIGH.

Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S.

True History of Joshua Davidson. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Ourselves: Essays on Women. By E. LYNN LINTON. [MACGREGOR.

Pastimes and Players. By ROBERT

The New Paul and Virginia. By W. H. MALLOCK.

New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.

Puck on Pegasus. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL.

Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL. Illustrated by

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Muses of Mayfair. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims. By

H. A. PAGE.

Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.

More Puniana. By Hon. H. ROWLEY.

The Philosophy of Handwriting. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA.

By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM SENIOR.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Notebook. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

Mayhew.—London Characters

and the Humorous Side of London Life. By HENRY MAYHEW. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Medicine, Family.—One Thou-

sand Medical Maxims and Surgical Hints, for Infancy, Adult Life, Middle Age, and Old Age. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Lond. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

Menken.—Infelicia: Poems by

ADAM ISAACS MENKEN. A New Edition, with a Biographical Preface, numerous Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY, and Facsimile of a Letter from CHARLES DICKENS.

Beautifully printed on small 4to ivory paper, with red horder to each page, and handsomely bound. Price 7s. 6d.

Mexican Mustang (On a),

through Texas, from the Gulf to the Rio Grande. A New Book of American Humour. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY.

KNOX, Editors of "Texas Sittings." With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Middlemass (Jean), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

Miller.—Physiology for the

Young; or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. With

numerous Illusts. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. Small 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Milton (J. L.), Works by: (

Sm. 8vo, 1s. each; cloth ex., 1s. 6d. each.

The Hygiene of the Skin. Rules for the Management of the Skin; with

Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.

The Bath in Diseases of the Skin.

The Laws of Life, and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin.

Minto.—Was Sne Good or Bad?

A Romance. By WILLIAM MINTO.

Cr. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Molesworth (Mrs.), Novels by:

Hathercourt Rectory. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

That Girl in Black. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Moncrieff.—The Abdication;

or, Time Tries All. An Historical Drama. By W. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

With Seven Etchings by JOHN PETTIE, R.A., W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., J.

MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., R. MACBETH, A.R.A., and TOM

GRAHAM, R.S.A. Large 4to, bound in huckram, 21s.

Moore (Thomas).—Prose and

Verse, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by THOMAS MOORE; with Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron. Edited, with Notes and

Introduction, by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Muddock.—Stories Weird and

Wonderful. By J. E. MUDDOCK. Author of "A Wingless Angel," &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Murray (D. Christie), Novels

by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Life's Atonement. | A Model Father. Joseph's Coat. | Coals of Fire.

By the Gate of the Sea. | Hearts. Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.

A Bit of Human Nature. First Person Singular. The Way of the World.

Old Blazer's Hero. With Three Illustrations by A. McCORMICK. Crown 8vo, cloth ex., 6s.—Cheaper Edition, post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

One Traveller Returns. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Paul Jones's Alias, &c. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

[Preparing.

Novelists.—Half-Hours with the Best Novelists of the Century: Choice Readings from the finest Novels. Edited, with Critical and Biographical Notes, by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d. [*Preparing.*]

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease. By N. E. DAVIES, L.R.C.P. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

O'Connor.—Lord Beaconsfield: A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

O'Hanlon (Alice), Novels by:
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Unforeseen.
Chance? or Fate? [*Preparing.*]

Ohnet (Georges), Novels by:
Doctor Rameau. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOBY. With 9 Illustrations by E. BAYARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
A Last Love. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOBY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. [*Shortly.*]

Olipphant (Mrs.) Novels by:
Whiteladies. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and H. WOODS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

O'Reilly.—Phœbe's Fortunes: A Novel. With Illustrations by HENRY TUCK. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

O'Shaughnessy (A.), Poems by:
Songs of a Worker. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Music and Moonlight. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Lays of France. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 10s. 6d.

Ouida, Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Held in Bondage. Pascarel.
Strathmore. Signa. | Ariadne.
Chandos. In a Winter City.
Under Two Flags. Friendship.
Cecil Castle. Moths. | Bimbl.
maine's Gage. Pipistrello.
Idalia. In Maremma
Tricotrin. A Village Com-
Puck. mune.
Folle Farline. Wanda.
Two Little Wooden Frescoes. [ine.
Shoes. Princess Naprax-
Dog of Flanders. Othmar.

OUIDA—continued.

Guideroy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Sm. cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 5s. CHEAPER EDITION, illust. bds., 2s.

Page (H. A.), Works by:

Thoreau: His Life and Aims: A Study. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.

Lights on the Way: Some Tales within a Tale. By the late J. H. ALEXANDER, B.A. Edited by H. A. PAGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Animal Anecdotes. Arranged on a New Principle. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

Parliamentary Elections and

Electioneering in the Old Days (A History of). Showing the State of Political Parties and Party Warfare at the Hustings and in the House of Commons from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria. Illustrated from the original Political Squibs, Lampoons, Pictorial Satires, and Popular Caricatures of the Time. By JOSEPH GREGO, Author of "Rowlandson and his Works," "The Life of Gillray," &c. A New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations, 7s. 6d. [*Preparing.*]

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A

New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. MC CRIB, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Patient's (The) Vade Mecum:

How to get most Benefit from Medical Advice. By W. KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and E. KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl. 1/6.

Paul Ferroll: why he Killed his Wife. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Payn (James), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.

Walter's Word.

Less Black than we're Painted.

By Proxy. | **High Spirits.**

Under One Roof.

A Confidential Agent.

Some Private Views.

A Grape from a Thorn.

The Talk of the Town.

From Exile. | **The Canon's Ward.**

Holiday Tasks. | **Glow-worm Tales.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Kit: A Memory. | **Carlyon's Year.**

A Perfect Treasure.

Bentinck's Tutor. | **Murphy's Master.**

The Best of Husbands.

PAYN (JAMES), continued—

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
For Cash Only.
What He Cost Her. | **Cecil's Tryst.**
Fallen Fortunes. | **Halves.**
A County Family. | **At Her Mercy.**
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Clyffards of Clyffe.
The Family Scapegrace.
The Foster Brothers. | **Found Dead.**
Gwendollne's Harvest.
Humorous Stories.
Like Father, Like Son.
A Marine Residence.
Married Beneath Him.
Mirk Abbey. | **Not Woeed, but Won.**
Two Hundred Pounds Reward.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
In Peril and Privation: Stories of
 Marine Adventure Re-told. With 17
 Illustrations.
The Mystery of Mirbridge. With a
 Frontispiece by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

Paul.—Gentle and Simple. By
 MARGARET AGNES PAUL. With a
 Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON.
 Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo,
 illustrated boards, 2s.

Pears.—The Present Depres-
sion In Trade: Its Causes and Remed-
ies. Being the "Pears" Prize Essays
 (of One Hundred Guineas). By EDWIN
 GOADBY and WILLIAM WATT. With
 an Introductory Paper by Prof. LEONE
 LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley),
Works by:
 Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Puck on Pegasus. With Illustrations.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. With Ten full-
 page Illusts. by G. DU MAURIER.
The Muses of Mayfair. Vers de
 Société, Selected and Edited by H.
 C. PENNELL.

Phelps (E. Stuart), Works by:
 Post 8vo, 1s. each; cl. limp, 1s. 6d. each.
Beyond the Gates. By the Author
 of "The Gates Ajar."
An Old Maid's Paradise.
Burglars In Paradise.
Jack the Fisherman. With Twenty-
 two Illustrations by C. W. REED.
 Cr. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cl. 1s. 6d.

Pirkis (C. L.), Novels by:
Trooping with Crows. Fcap. 8vo,
 picture cover, 1s.
Lady Lovelace. Post 8vo, illustrated
 boards, 2s.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious
Men. Translated from the Greek,
 with Notes Critical and Historical, and
 a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and
 WILLIAM LANGHORNE. Two Vols.,
 8vo, cloth extra, with Portraits, 10s. 6d.

Planché (J. R.), Works by:

The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Her-
aldry Founded upon Facts. With
 Coloured Frontispiece and 200 Illus-
 trations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Songs and Poems, from 1819 to 1879.
 Edited, with an Introduction, by his
 Daughter, Mrs. MACKARNESS. Crown
 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Poe (Edgar Allan):

The Choice Works, in Prose and
Poetry, of EDGAR ALLAN POE. With
 an Introductory Essay by CHARLES
 BAUDELAIRE, Portrait and Fac-
 similes. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.
The Mystery of Marie Roget, and
other Stories. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Pope's Poetical Works. Com-
 plete in One Vol. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s.

Praed (Mrs. Campbell).—"The
Right Honourable:" A Romance of
 Society and Politics. By Mrs. CAMP-
 BELL-PRAED and JUSTIN MCCARTHY,
 M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Price (E. C.), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each;
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Valentina. | **The Foreigners.**
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
Gerald. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Princess Olga—Radna; or, The
Great Conspiracy of 1831. By the
 Princess OLGA. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Proctor (Rich. A.), Works by:

Flowers of the Sky. With 55 Illusts.
 Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps
 for Every Night in the Year, Draw-
 ings of the Constellations, &c.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Familiar Science Studies. Crown
 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Saturn and Its System. New and
 Revised Edition, with 13 Steel Plates.
 Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
Mysteries of Time and Space. With
 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
The Universe of Suns, and other
Science Gleanings. With numerous
 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Wages and Wants of Science
Workers. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. c

Rambosson.—Popular Astro-
nomy. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of
 the Institute of France. Translated by
 C. B. PITMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt,
 numerous Illusts., and a beautifully
 executed Chart of Spectra, 7s. 6d.

Reade (Charles), Novels by :

Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

Peg Woffington. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, A.R.A.

Christie Johnstone. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.

It is Never Too Late to Mend. Illustrated by G. I. PINWELL.

The Course of True Love Never did run Smooth. Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON.

The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; and James Lambert. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.

Love me Little, Love me Long. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

The Double Marriage. Illust. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.

The Cloister and the Hearth. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.

Hard Cash. Illust. by F. W. LAWSON.

Griffith Gaunt. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, A.R.A., and WM. SMALL.

Foul Play. Illust. by DU MAURIER.

Put Yourself in His Place. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.

A Terrible Temptation. Illustrated by EDW. HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.

The Wandering Heir. Illustrated by H. PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, A.R.A., C. GREEN, and H. WOODS, A.R.A.

A Simpleton. Illustrated by KATE CRAWFORD. [COULDERY.]

A Woman-Hater. Illust. by THOS. SINGLEHEART and DOUBLEFACE: A Matter-of-fact Romance. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.

Good Stories of Men and other Animals. Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY, PERCY MACQUOID, and JOSEPH NASH.

The Jilt, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.

Readiana. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.

Bible Characters: Studies of David, Nehemiah, Jonah, Paul, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, 1s.

Reader's Handbook (The) of

Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. Fifth Edition, revised throughout, with a New Appendix, containing a COMPLETE ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. (r. 8vo, 1,400 pages, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.)

Rimmer (Alfred), Works by :

Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. each.

Our Old Country Towns. With over 50 Illustrations.

Rambles Round Eton and Harrow. With 50 Illustrations.

About England with Dickens. With 58 Illustrations by ALFRED RIMMER and C. A. VANDERHOOF.

Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), Novels by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Her Mother's Darling.

The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.

Weird Stories.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Uninhabited House.

Fairy Water.

The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

Robinson (F. W.), Novels by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Women are Strange.

The Hands of Justice.

Robinson (Phil), Works by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

The Poets' Birds.

The Poets' Beasts.

The Poets and Nature: Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects. [Preparing.]

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and

Moral Reflections. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Roll of Battle Abbey, The; or,

A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. With the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, 6s.

Rowley (Hon. Hugh), Works by

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Puniana: Riddles and Jokes. With numerous Illustrations.

More Puniana. Profusely Illustrated.

Runciman (James), Stories by :

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Skippers and Shellbacks.

Grace Balmalgn's Sweetheart.

Schools and Scholars.

Russell (W. Clark), Works by :

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Round the Galley-Fire.

In the Middle Watch.

A Voyage to the Cape.

A Book for the Hammock.

On the Fo'k'sle Head. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

The Mystery of the "Ocean Star," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The Romance of Jenny Harlowe, and Sketches of Maritime Life.

With a Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

An Ocean Tragedy: A Novel. Three Vols., crown 8vo, [Shortly.]

Sala.—Gaslight and Daylight.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Sanson.—Seven Generations

of Executioners: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Edited by HENRY SANSON. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex. 3s. 6d.

Saunders (John), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Bound to the Wheel.

Guy Waterman. | Lion in the Path.

The Two Dreamers.

Saunders (Katharine), Novels

by. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Margaret and Elizabeth.

The High Mills.

Heart Salvage. | Sebastian.

Joan Merryweather. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Gideon's Rock. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Science-Gossip for 1889: An

Illustrated Medium of Interchange for Students and Lovers of Nature. Edited by Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Microscopy, Telescopy, Physiography, &c. Price 4d. Monthly; or 5s. per year, post free. Vols. I. to XIX. may be had at 7s. 6d. each; and Vols. XX. to date, at 5s. each. Cases for Binding, 1s. 6d. each.

Seguin (L. G.), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

The Country of the Passicn Play, and the Highlands and Highlanders of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illusts.

Walks in Algiers and its Surroundings. With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts.

"Secret Out" Series, The:

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Illusts., 4s. 6d. each.

The Secret Out: One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Illusts.

The Art of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. With 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky: Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations.

"SECRET OUT" SERIES—continued.

Magician's Own Book: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Senior.—By Stream and Sea.

By W. SENIOR. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s. 6d.

Seven Sagas (The) of Prehis-

toric Man. By JAMES H. STODDARD, Author of "The Village Life." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Shakespeare:

The First Folio Shakespeare.—MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT. 1623.—A Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile, by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 7s. 6d.

Shakespeare for Children: Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With numerous Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Cr. 4to, cl. gilt, 6s.

Sharp.—Children of To-mor-

row: A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Sheridan (General).—Personal

Memoirs of General P. H. Sheridan: The Romantic Career of a Great Soldier, told in his Own Words. With 22 Portraits and other Illustrations, 27 Maps and numerous Facsimiles of Famous Letters. Two Vols. of 500 pages each, demy 8vo, cloth extra, 24s.

Sheridan:—

Sheridan's Complete Works, with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c. With a Collection of Sheridaniana. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals, and The School for Scandal. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch of Sheridan, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Decorative Vignettes and 10 full-page Illusts. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, 12s. 6d.

Shelley.—The Complete Works
In Verse and Prose of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited, Prefaced and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., cr. 8vo, cloth bds., 3s. 6d. each.

Poetical Works, in Three Vols.

Vol. I. An Introduction by the Editor; The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew (the only complete version); Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.
Vol. II. Laon and Cythna (as originally published, instead of the emasculated "Revolt of Islam"); The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo (from Shelley's manuscript); Swellfoot the Tyrant (from the copy in the Dyce Library at South Kensington); The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems, published by Mrs. SHELLEY in 1824 and 1839; The Masque of Anarchy (from Shelley's manuscript); and other Pieces not brought together in the ordinary editions.

Prose Works, in Two Vols.

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY, and first published in 1840, with the addition of some Minor Pieces of great interest and rarity, including one recently discovered by Professor DOWDEN. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an exhaustive Index of the Prose Works.

Sherard.—Rogues: A Novel of Incident. By R. H. SHERARD. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

[Shortly,

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete

Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 18s.

Signboards: Their History.

With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 100 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sims (George R.), Works by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Rogues and Vagabonds.

The Ring o' Bells.

Mary Jane's Memoirs.

Mary Jane Married.

Tales of To-day.

Cr. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. ea.; cl., 1s. 6d. ea.

The Dagonet Reciter and Reader: Being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by G. R. SIMS.

How the Poor Live; and Horrible London. In One Volume.

Sister Dora: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. Popular Edition, Revised, with additional Chapter, a New Dedication and Preface, and Four Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, picture cover, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

Sketchley.—A Match in the Dark. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Slang Dictionary, The: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

Smart.—Without Love or Licence: A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Three Vols., cr. 8vo. [Shortly,

Smith (J. Moyr), Works by:

The Prince of Argolis: A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. Small 8vo, cloth extra, with 130 Illusts., 3s. 6d.

Tales of Old Thule. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

The Wooling of the Water Witch. With Illustrations. Small 8vo, 6s.

Society in London. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Society out of Town. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT, Author of "Society in London." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [Preparing.

Society in Paris: The Upper Ten Thousand. By Count PAUL VASIL. Trans. by RAPHAEL LEDOS DE BEAUFORT. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s. [Preparing.

Somerset.—Songs of Adieu. By Lord HENRY SOMERSET. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, 6s.

Speight (T W.), Novels by:

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke With a Frontispiece by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.

Wife or No Wife? Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

A Barren Title. Crown 8vo, cl., 1s. 6d.
The Golden Hoop. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

By Devious Ways; and A Barren Title. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Spalding.—Elizabethan Demonology: An Essay in Illustration of the Belief in the Existence of Devils, and the Powers possessed by Them. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 5s.

Spenser for Children. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, 6s.

Stageland: Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants. By JEROME K. JEROME. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Second Edition. Fcap. 4to, illustrated cover, 3s. 6d.

Starry Heavens, The: A Poetical Birthday Book. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Staunton.—Laws and Practice of Chess. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Stedman (E. C.), Works by:
Victorian Poets Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.
The Poets of America. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Sterndale.—The Afghan Knife:
 A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Stevenson (R. Louis), Works by:
 Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes. Seventh Edition. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.
An Inland Voyage. Third Edition. With Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Cr. 8vo, buckram extra, gilt top, 6s. each.
Familiar Studies of Men and Books. Third Edition.

The Silverado Squatters. With Frontispiece.

The Merry Men. Second Edition.
Underwoods: Poems. Fourth Edit.
Memories & Portraits. Second Ed.
Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. Fourth Edition.

Cr. 8vo, buckram extra, gilt top, 6s. each; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.

New Arabian Nights. Tenth Edition.
Prince Otto: Sixth Edition.

Stoddard.—Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. Illust. by WALLIS MACKAY. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

Stories from Foreign Novelists. With Notices of their Lives and Writings. By HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. post 8vo, illust. hds., 2s.

Strange Manuscript (A) found in a Copper Cylinder. With 19 full-page Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Third Edition. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

Strange Secrets. Told by PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRIAT, JAMES GRANT, A. CONAN DOYLE, DUTTON COOK, and others. With 8 Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, WILLIAM SMALL, W. J. HENNESSY, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WM. HONE. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Suburban Homes (The) of London: A Residential Guide to Favourite London Localities, their Society, Celebrities, and Associations. With Notes on their Rental, Rates, and House Accommodation. With Map of Suburban London. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s 6d.

Swift (Dean):—

Swift's Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Monograph on Dean Swift. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. [Shortly.]

Swinburne (Algernon C.), Works by:

Selections from the Poetical Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Atalanta in Calydon. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads. FIRST SERIES.

Cr. 8vo, 9s. Fcap. 8vo, same price.

Poems and Ballads. SECOND SERIES.

Cr. 8vo, 9s. Fcap. 8vo, same price.

Poems and Ballads. THIRD SERIES.

Crown 8vo, 7s.

Notes on Poems and Reviews. 8vo, 1s.

Songs before Sunrise. Cr. 8vo, 10s 6d.

Bothwell: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 12s 6d.

George Chapman: An Essay. (See Vol. II. of GEO. CHAPMAN'S WORKS.)

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Songs of Two Nations. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Songs of the Springtides. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Studies in Song. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Mary Stuart: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 8s.

Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 9s.

A Century of Roundels. Small 4to, 8s

A Midsummer Holiday, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Marino Faliero: A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Victor Hugo. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Miscellanies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Locrine: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Ben Jonson. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

Symonds.—Wine, Women, and Song: Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. Now first translated into English Verse, with Essay by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Small 8vo, parchment, 6s.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll page Illustrations in Colours and a Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Med. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taine's History of English Literature. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Taylor's (Bayard) Diversions of the Echo Club: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s.

Taylor (Dr. J. E., F.L.S.), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth ex., 7s. 6d. each.
The Sagacity and Morality of Plants: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illust.
Our Common British Fossils, and Where to Find Them: A Handbook for Students. With 331 Illustrations.

The Playtime Naturalist. With 366 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 5s.

Taylor's (Tom) Historical Dramas: "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." One Vol., cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
 ** The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Tennyson (Lord): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Thackerayana: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his every-day reading. With Coloured Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d.

Thames.—A New Pictorial History of the Thames, from its Source Downwards. A Book for all Boating Men and for all Lovers of the River. With over 300 Illusts. Post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Thomas (Bertha), Novels by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Cressida. | **Proud Maisie.**
The Violin-Player.

Thomas (M.).—A Fight for Life: A Novel. By W. MOY THOMAS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Thornbury (Walter), Works by: Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Haunted London. Edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. With Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

The Life and Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and fellow Academicians. With numerous Illusts. in Colours, facsimiled from Turner's Original Drawings.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Old Stories Re-told.

Tales for the Marines.

Timbs (John), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

The History of Clubs and Club Life in London. With Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelrys, and Taverns. With many Illusts.

English Eccentrics and Eccentricities: Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sightings and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, Men of Letters, &c. With nearly 50 Illusts.

Trollope (Anthony), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each

post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Way We Live Now.

Kept in the Dark.

Frau Frohmann. | Marlon Fay.

Mr. Scarborough's Family.

The Land Leaguers.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Golden Lion of Granpere.

John Caldwell. | **American Senator**

Trollope (Frances E.), Novels by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each;

post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Like Ships upon the Sea.

Mabel's Progress. | **Ann Furness.**

Trollope (T. A.).—Diamond Cut

Diamond, and other Stories. By

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Post 8vo,

illustrated boards, 2s.

Trowbridge.—Farnell's Folly:

A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post

8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Turgeneff. — Stories from Foreign Novelists. By IVAN TURGENIEFF, and others. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Tytler (C. C. Fraser). — Mistress Judith: A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Tytler (Sarah), Novels by:
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each;
post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
What She Came Through.
The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
Saint Mungo's City. | Lady Bell.
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jacqueline.
Buried Diamonds.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Disappeared. | The Huguenot Family.
The Blackhall Ghosts: A Novel.
Crown 8vo, cl. ex., 3s. 6d.

Van Laun. — History of French Literature. By H. VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cl. bds., 7s. 6d. each.

Villari. — A Double Bond. By L. VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Walford (Edw., M.A.), Works by:

The County Families of the United Kingdom (1889). Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, the Offices they hold or have held, their Town and Country Addresses, Clubs, &c. Twenty-ninth Annual Edition. Cloth gilt, 50s.

The Shilling Peerage (1889). Containing an Alphabetical List of the House of Lords, Dates of Creation, Lists of Scotch and Irish Peers, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1s.

The Shilling Baronetage (1889). Containing an Alphabetical List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, short Biographical Notices, Dates of Creation, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cl., 1s.

The Shilling Knightage (1889). Containing an Alphabetical List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, short Biographical Notices, Dates of Creation, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cl., 1s.

The Shilling House of Commons (1889). Containing List of all Members of Parliament, their Town and Country Addresses, &c. 32mo, cl., 1s.

The Complete Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons (1889). In One Volume, royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 5s.

Haunted London. By WALTER THORNBURY. Edit. by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. Illusts. by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete

Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse of Rivers, Fishponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Copperplate Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.

Walt Whitman, Poems by.

Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. A New Edition, with a Steel Plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper and bound in buckram, 6s.

Wanderer's Library, The:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.

Camp Notes: Stories of Sport and Adventure in Asia, Africa, and America. By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Merrie England in the Olden Time. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBT. CRUIKSHANK.

Circus Life and Circus Celebrities. By THOMAS FROST.

The Lives of the Conjurors. By THOMAS FROST.

The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.

Low-Life Deeps. An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there. By JAMES GREENWOOD.

The Wilds of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD.

Tunis: The Land and the People, By the Chevalier de HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations.

The Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack. By One of the Fraternity. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

The World Behind the Scenes By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings: Including the Origin of Signs, and Reminiscences connected with Taverns, Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. By CHARLES HINDLEY. With Illusts.

The Genial Showman: Life and Adventures of Artemus Ward. By E. P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece.

The Story of the London Parks. By JACOB LARWOOD. With Illusts.

London Characters. By HENRY MAHEW. Illustrated.

Seven Generations of Executioners; Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Edited by HENRY SANSON.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY.

Warner.—A Roundabout Journey. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "My Summer in a Garden." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Warrants, &c. :—

Warrant to Execute Charles I. An exact Facsimile, with the Fifty-nine Signatures, and corresponding Seals. Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in. Price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots. An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal. Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS. Price 2s.

Magna Charta. An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours. 5s.

The Roll of Battle Abbey; or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. With the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Price 5s.

Wayfarer, The: Journal of the Society of Cyclists. Published at intervals. Price 1s. The Numbers for OCT., 1886, JAN., MAY, and OCT., 1887, and FEB., 1888, are now ready.

Weather, How to Foretell the, with the Pocket Spectroscope. By F. W. CORY, M.R.C.S. Eng., F.R.Met. Soc., &c. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Westropp.—Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain; or, History of those Arts from the Earliest Period. By HODDER M. WESTROPP. With numerous Illustrations, and a List of Marks. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 4s. 6d.

Whist.—How to Play Solo Whist: Its Method and Principles Explained, and its Practice Demonstrated. With Illustrative Specimen Hands in red and black, and a Revised and Augmented Code of Laws. By ABRAHAM S. WILKS and CHARLES F. PARDON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Whistler's (Mr.) "Ten o'Clock." Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, 1s.

Williams (W. Mattieu, F.R.A.S.),

Works by:

Science In Short Chapters. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Simple Treatise on Heat. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Illusts., 2s. 6d.

The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wilson (Dr. Andrew, F.R.S.E.),

Works by:

Chapters on Evolution: A Popular History of Darwinian and Allied Theories of Development. 3rd ed. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., with 259 Illusts., 7s. 6d.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Note book. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Leisure-Time Studies, chiefly Biological. Third Edit., with New Preface. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., with Illusts., 6s.

Studies In Life and Sense. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s.

Common Accidents, and How to Treat them. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON and others. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl. limp, 1s. 6d.

Winter (J. S.), Stories by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

Witch, Warlock, and Magician :

A Popular History of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s.

Women of the Day: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By FRANCES HAYS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wood.—Sabina: A Novel. By Lady Wood. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Wood (H.F.), Detective Stories;

The Passenger from Scotland Yard. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

The Englishman of the Rue Cain. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Woolley.—Rachel Armstrong;

or, Love and Theology. By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Words, Facts, and Phrases:

A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. New and cheaper issue, cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d.; half-bound, 9s.

Wright (Thomas), Works by:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
Caricature History of the Georges. (The House of Hanover.) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c.

History of Caricature and of the Grotesque In Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting. Profusely illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Yates (Edmund), Novels by:

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Land at Last. | The Forlorn Hope.
Castaway.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

The Bell of St. Paul's. By WALTER BESANT. Three Vols. [Shortly.]
 Blind Love. By WILKIE COLLINS. Three Vols. [Shortly.]
 An Ocean Tragedy. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Three Vols. [Shortly.]
 Passion's Slave. By RICHARD ASHE KING. Three Vols. [Shortly.]
 Without Love or Licence. By HAWLEY SMART. Three Vols. [Shortly.]
 The Romance of Jenny Harlowe, &c. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 Paul Jones's Allas, &c. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [Shortly.]

Strange Secrets. Told by PERCY FITZGERALD, &c. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 Doctor Rameau. By GEORGES OHNET. Nine Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 A Last Love. By GEORGES OHNET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 Children of To-morrow. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 Nikanor. From the French of HENRY GREVILLE. With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
 A Noble Woman. By HENRY GREVILLE. Translated by A. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [Shortly.]
 Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet. By HUGH MACCOLL. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

Popular Stories by the Best Authors. LIBRARY EDITIONS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HERRING."

Red Spider. | Eve.
 BY GRANT ALLEN.

Phyllistia.
 The Devil's Die.
 The Tents of Shem.
 BY WALTER BESANT & J. RICE.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.
 My Little Girl.
 The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
 This Son of Vulcan.
 With Harp and Crown.
 The Golden Butterfly.
 By Celia's Arbour.
 The Monks of Thelema.
 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
 The Seamy Side.
 The Ten Years' Tenant.
 The Chaplain of the Fleet.

BY WALTER BESANT.
 All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
 The Captains' Room.
 All in a Garden Fair.
 Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
 Children of Gibeon.
 The World Went Very Well Then.
 Herr Paulus.
 For Faith and Freedom.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.
 A Child of Nature.
 God and the Man.
 The Shadow of the Sword.
 The Martyrdom of Madeline.
 Love Me for Ever.
 Annan Water. | The New Abelard
 Matt. | Foxglove Manor.
 The Master of the Mine.
 The Heir of Linne.

BY HALL CAINE.
 The Shadow of a Crime.
 A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.
 BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
 Juliet's Guardian. | Deceivers Ever.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.
 Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
 From Midnight to Midnight.
 MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.
 Blacksmith and Scholar.
 The Village Comedy.
 You Play me False.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.
 Antonina. | The Law and the
 Basil. | Lady.
 Hide and Seek. | The Two Destinies
 The Dead Secret. | Haunted Hotel.
 Queen of Hearts. | The Fallen Leaves
 My Miscellanies. | Jezebel's Daughter
 Woman in White. | The Black Robe.
 The Moonstone. | Heart and Science
 Man and Wife. | "I Say No."
 Poor Miss Finch. | Little Novels.
 Miss or Mrs. ? | The Evil Genius.
 New Magdalen. | The Legacy of
 The Frozen Deep. | Cain.

BY DUTTON COOK.
 Paul Foster's Daughter.
 BY WILLIAM CYPLES.
 Hearts of Gold.
 BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.
 The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation
 BY JAMES DE MILLE.
 A Castle in Spain.
 BY J. LEITH DERWENT.
 Our Lady of Tears.
 Circe's Lovers.
 BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
 Felicia.
 BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES.
 Archie Lovell.
 BY PERCY FITZGERALD.
 Fatal Zero.
 BY R. E. FRANCILLON.
 Queen Cophetua. | A Real Queen.
 One by One. | King or Knave?
 Prefaced by Sir BARTLE FRERE,
 Pandurang Harl.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, *continued*—

BY EDWARD GARRETT.
The Chapel Girls.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.
Robin Gray.
What will the World Say?
In Honour Bound.
Queen of the Meadow.
The Flower of the Forest.
A Heart's Problem.
The Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Loving a Dream.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Garth.
Ellice Quantin.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.
Fortune's Fool.
Beatrice Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance
The Spectre of the Camera.

BY SIR A. HELPS.
Ivan de Biron.

BY ISAAC HENDERSON.
Agatha Page.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.
Thornicroft's Model.
The Leaden Casket.
Self-Condemed.
That other Person.

BY JEAN INGELow.
Fated to be Free.

BY R. ASHE KING.
A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.
Number Seventeen.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.
Patricia Kemball.
Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
"My Love!"
Ione.
Paston Carew.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.
Gleedon Fleyce.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
A Fair Saxon.
Dear Lady Disdain.
Miss Misanthrope.
Donna Quixote.
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens.
Camila.

BY MRS. MACDONELL.
Quaker Cousins.

PICCADILLY NOVELS *continued*—

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.
Open! Sesame!

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.
Life's Atonement. | Coals of Fire.
Joseph's Coat. | Val Strange.
A Model Father. | Hearts.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Cynic Fortune.
The Way of the World.
BY MRS. OLIPHANT.
Whiteladies.

BY OUIDA.
Held In Bondage. | Two Little Wooden
Strathmore. | Shoes.
Chandos. | In a Winter City.
Under Two Flags. | Ariadne.
Idalia. | Friendship.
Cecil Castle- | Moths.
malne's Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | A Village Com-
Puck. | mune.
Folle Farine. | Bimbi.
ADog of Flanders | Wanda.
Pascarel. | Frescoes.
Signa. | In Maremma
Princess Naprax- | Othmar.
ine. | Guilderooy.

BY MARGARET A. PAUL
Gentle and Simple.

BY JAMES PAYN.
Lost Sir Massing- | A Grape from a
berd. | Thorn.
Walter's Word. | Some Private
Less Black than | Views.
We're Painted | The Canon's Ward.
By Proxy. | Glow-worm Tales.
High Spirits. | Talk of the Town.
Under One Roof. | In Peril and Pri-
A Confidential | vation.
Agent. | Holiday Tasks.
From Exile. | The Mystery of
Milbridge.

BY E. C. PRICE.
Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

BY CHARLES READE.
It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Hard Cash. | Peg Woffington.
Christie Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt. | Foul Play.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in His Place.
A Terrible Temptation
The Wandering Heir. | A Simpleton.
A Woman-Hater. | Readiana.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
The Jilt.
Good Stories of Men and other
Animals.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, continued—

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.
Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden-Party.
Weird Stories.
BY F. W. ROBINSON.
Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.
BY JOHN SAUNDERS.
Bound to the Wheel.
Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.
BY KATHARINE SAUNDERS.
Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.
BY T. W. SPEIGHT.
The Mysterles of Heron Dyks.
BY R. A. STERNDALÉ.
The Afghan Knifs.
BY BERTHA THOMAS.
Proud Maisle. | Cressida.
The Violin-Player.

PICCADILLY NOVELS, continued—

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
The Way we Live Now.
Frau Frohmann. | Marlon Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
BY FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.
BY IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.
BY SARAH TYTLER.
What She Came Through.
The Bride's Pass. | Saint Mungo's City.
Beauty and the Beast.
Noblesse Oblige.
Citoyenne Jacqueline.
Lady Bell. | Buried Diamonds.
The Blackhall Ghosts.
BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

Red Spider.
BY EDMOND ABOUT.
The Fellah.
BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.
Carr of Carrylon. | Confidncees.
BY MRS. ALEXANDER.
Maid, Wife, or Widow?
Valerie's Fate.

BY GRANT ALLEN.
Strange Stories.
Phillistia.
Babylon.
In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Saks.

BY SHELSEY BEAUCHAMP.
Grantley Grange.
BY WALTER BESANT & J. RICE.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan. | My Little Girl.
The Cass of Mr. Lucraft.
The Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
The Monks of Thelema.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Seamy Side.
The Ten Years' Tenant.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

BY WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.
The World Went Very Well Then.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.
BY BRET HARTE.
An Helress of Red Dog.
The Luck of Roaring Camp.
Californian Stories.
Gabriel Conroy. | Flip.
Maruja. | A Phyllis of the Sierras.
A Waif of the Plains.

BY HAROLD BRYDGES.
Uncle Sam at Home.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.
The Master of the Mine.

BY HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

BY COMMANDER CAMERON.
The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

BY MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Cure of Souls.

BY C. ALLSTON COLLINS.
The Bar Sinister.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.
Antonina. | My Miscellanies.
Basil. | Woman in Whits.
Hide and Sesk. | The Moonstones.
The Dead Secret. | Man and Wife.
Queen of Hearts. | Poor Miss Finch.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—WILKIE COLLINS, *continued*.

Miss or Mrs.?	The Fallen Leaves.
New Magdalen.	Jezebel's Daughter
The Frozen Deep.	The Black Robe.
The Law and the Lady.	Heart and Science
	"I Say No."
The Two Destinies	The Evil Genius.
Haunted Hotel.	Little Novels.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page.	From Midnight to Transmigration.
	Midnight.

A Flight with Fortune.

MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet and Twenty. | Frances.

Blacksmith and Scholar.

The Village Comedy.

You Play me False.

BY M. J. COLQUHOUN.

Every Inch a Soldier.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Pine and Palm.

BY DUTTON COOK.

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

BY C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

BY WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain

BY J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.

Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby

BY DICK DONOVAN.

The Man-Hunter.

Caught at Last!

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Fellcia.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Roxy.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna. | Never Forgotten.

The Second Mrs. Tillotson.

Polly. | Fatal Zero.

Seventy-five Brooke Street.

The Lady of Brantome.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia. | Queen Cophetua.

One by One. | A Real Queen.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

Seth's Brother's Wife.

BY HAIN FRISWELL.

One of Two.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.	In Honour Bound
For Lack of Gold.	The Flower of the Forest.

What will the World Say?

In Love and War.

For the King.

In Pastures Green.

Queen of the Meadow.

A Heart's Problem.

The Dead Heart.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr Austin's Guests. | James Duke.

The Wizard of the Mountain.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

BY LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

BY J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Sebastian Strome

Ellice Quantin. | Dust.

Fortune's Fool. | Beatrice Randolph.

Miss Cadogna. | Love—or a Name.

David Poindexter's Disappearance.

BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

BY MRS. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model.

The Leaden Casket.

Self-Condemned. | That other Person

BY JEAN INGELow.

Fated to be Free.

BY HARRIETT JAY.

The Dark Colleen.

The Queen of Connaught.

BY MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

BY R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.

"The Wearing of the Green."

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

Oakshott Castle

BY JOHN LEYS.

The Lindsays.

BY MARY LINSKILL.

In Exchange for a Soul.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, continued—

E. LYNN LINTON, continued—

The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord? | Paston Carew.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
"My Love." | Ione.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleece.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Dear Lady Disdain | Miss Misanthrope
The Waterdale | Donna Quixote.
Neighbours. | The Comet of a
My Enemy's | Season.
Daughter. | Maid of Athens.
A Fair Saxon. | Camiola.
Linley Rochford.

BY MRS. MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame. | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild | Written in Fire.
Oats.

BY J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Hathercourt Rectory.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK.

Stories Weird and Wonderful.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

ALife's Atonement

Hearts.

A Model Father.

Way of the World.

Joseph's Coat.

A Bit of Human

Coals of Fire.

Nature.

By the Gate of the

First Person Sin-

Val Strange [Sea.

gular.

Old Blazer's Hero.

Cynic Fortune.

BY ALICE O'HANLON.

The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.

The Greatest Heiress in England.

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

Phœbe's Fortunes.

BY OUIDA.

Held in Bondage.

Two Little Wooden

Strathmore.

Shoes.

Chandos.

Ariadne.

Under Two Flags.

Friendship.

Idalla.

Moths.

Cecil Castle.

Pipistrello.

maine's Gage.

A Village Com-

Tricotrin. | Puck.

mune.

Folle Farline.

Bimbi. | Wanda.

A Dog of Flanders.

Frescoes.

Pascarel.

In Maremma.

Signa. | Ine.

Othmar.

Princess Naprax-

Wisdom, Wit, and

in a Winter City.

Pathos.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, continued—

BY MARGARET AGNES PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massing-

Marine Residence.

berd.

Married Beneath

APerfect Treasure

Him.

Bentnick's Tutor.

Mirk Abbey.

Murphy's Master.

Not Wooed, but

A County Family.

Won.

At Her Mercy.

Less Black than

A Woman's Ven-

We're Painted.

geance.

By Proxy.

Cecil's Tryst.

Under One Roof.

Clyffards of Clyffe

High Spirits.

The Family Escape-

Carlyon's Year.

grace.

A Confidential

Foster Brothers.

Agent.

Found Dead.

Some Private

Best of Husbands.

Views.

Walter's Word.

From Exile.

Halves.

A Grape from a

Fallen Fortunes.

Thorn.

What He Cost Her

For Cash Only.

Humorous Stories

Kit: A Memory.

Gwendoline's Har-

The Canon's Ward

vest.

Talk of the Town.

£200 Reward.

Holiday Tasks.

Like Father, Like

Glow-worm Tales

Son.

BY C. L. PIRKIS.

Lady Lovelace.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

BY E. C. PRICE.

Valentina.

The Foreigners

Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

Gerald.

BY CHARLES READE.

It Is Never Too Late to Mend.

Hard Cash.

| Peg Woffington

Christie Johnstone.

Griffith Gaunt.

Put Yourself in His Place.

The Double Marriage.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Foul Play.

The Cloister and the Hearth.

The Course of True Love.

Autobiography of a Thief.

A Terrible Temptation.

The Wandering Heir.

A Simpleton.

A Woman-Hater.

Readiana.

The Jilt.

Singleheart and Doubleface.

Good Stories of Men and other

Animals.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

Her Mother's Darling.

Prince of Wales's Garden Party.

Weird Stories.

| Fairy Water.

The Uninhabited House.

The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.

The Hands of Justice.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY JAMES RUNCIMAN.
 Skippers and Shellbacks.
 Grace Balmalgin's Sweetheart.
 Schools and Scholars.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL
 Round the Galley Fire.
 On the Fo'k'sle Head.
 In the Middle Watch.
 A Voyage to the Cape.
 A Book for the Hammock.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
 Gaslight and Daylight.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.
 Bound to the Wheel.
 Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
 The Lion in the Path.

BY KATHARINE SAUNDERS.
 Joan Merryweather. | The High Mills.
 Margaret and Elizabeth.
 Heart Salvage. | Sebastian.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.
 Rogues and Vagabonds.
 The Ring o' Bells. | Mary Jane Married.
 Mary Jane's Memoirs.
 Tales of To-day.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.
 A Match in the Dark.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.
 The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
 The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.

BY R. A. STERNDALÉ.
 The Afghan Knife.

BY R. LOUIS STEVENSON.
 New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.
 Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
 The Violin-Player.

BY W. MOY THOMAS.
 A Fight for Life.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.
 Tales for the Marines.
 Old Stories Re-told.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.
 Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
 The Way We Live Now.
 The American Senator.
 Frau Frohmann. | Marion Fay.
 Kept in the Dark.
 Mr. Scarborough's Family.
 The Land-Leaguers. | John Caldgate
 The Golden Lion of Granpere.

BY F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.
 Like Ships upon the Sea.
 Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
 Farnell's Folly.

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
 Stories from Foreign Novelists.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS, *continued*—

BY MARK TWAIN.
 Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
 The Stolen White Elephant.
 A Pleasure Trip on the Continent
 Huckleberry Finn. [of Europe.
 Life on the Mississippi.
 The Prince and the Pauper.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
 Mistress Judith.

BY SARAH TYTLER.
 What She Came Through.
 The Bride's Pass. | Buried Diamonds.
 Saint Mungo's City.
 Beauty and the Beast.
 Lady Bell. | Noblesse Oblige.
 Citoyenne Jacqueline | Disappeared.
 The Huguenot Family.

BY J. S. WINTER.
 Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

BY H. F. WOOD.
 The Passenger from Scotland Yard.

BY LADY WOOD.
 Sabina.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.
 Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology.

BY EDMUND YATES.
 Castaway.
 The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
 ANONYMOUS.
 Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Jeff Briggs's Love Story. By BRET HARTE.

The Twins of Table Mountain. By BRET HARTE.

A Day's Tour. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
 Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A Romance of the Queen's Hounds.
 By CHARLES JAMES.

Trooping with Crows. By C. L. PIRKIS
 The Professor's Wife. By L. GRAHAM.

A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
 Esther's Glove. By R. E. FRANCESILLON.
 The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
 Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
 Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
 Jack the Fisherman. By E. S. PHELPS.
 Our Sensation Novel. Edited by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.

Dolly. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
 Lily Lass. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.

That Girl in Black. By MRS. MOLLS-WORTH.

Was She Good or Bad? By W. MINTO.
 Bible Characters. By CHAS. READE.

Rogues. By R. H. SHERARD.
 The Dagonet Rectifier. By G. R. SIMS.
 How the Poor Live. By G. R. SIMS.

Good



morning

**HAVE YOU
USED
PEARS' SOAP?**

